1883

Well-Springs of Truth (Part Three)

W.W. Breese

WORDS.

Gentle words are marks of the true gentleman.

Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall (as manna fell)
On some nigh-fainting heart.

In lonely wilds, by light-winged birds,
Rare seeds have oft been sown;
And hope has sprung from gentle words,
Where only griefs had grown.

NEVER is the deep, strong voice of man, or the low, sweet voice of woman, firmer than in the earnest but mellow tones of speech, richer than the richest music, which are a delight while they are heard, which linger still upon the ear in softened echoes, and which, when they have ceased, come long after back to memory like the murmurs of a distant hymn. Oh, it is very pleasant to listen to such voices, accordant with lofty conceptions and sweet humanities,—the soul breathings that now swell with daring imaginations, and then sink into the gentleness of sadness or of pity. I have heard such voices, voices that were music *from* the soul and *to* it—the very melody of thought, and of thought that was the very soul of goodness. Beautiful conceptions sang along the syllables, beautiful feelings came trickling from the heart in liquid tones. Very pleasant are such voices—pleasant on the fragrant air of a summer's evening, pleasant by the fire on a winter's night, pleasant in the palace, pleasant in the shanty, pleasant while they last, pleasant to remember

even with sorrow, when they are silent, when their melody shall never, never again attune and sweeten the common air of earth.

Talking is the best of all recreations, and a master of the art possesses the most useful and enjoyable of accomplishments. Conversation is designed to be the one long-lasting, never-failing amusement of mankind. It is the pleasure that sets in earliest, outlives all vicissitudes, and continues ours when we can enjoy nothing else.

Conversation warms the mind, enlivens the imagination, and is continually starting fresh game that is immediately pursued and taken, and which would never have occurred in the duller intercourse of epistolary correspondence.

The cheerful converse of a friend will often tend, more than anything else, to soothe, exhilarate and expand the heart, and impart an elasticity to the spirit and a vigor to the vital current beyond all the skill of the physician.

There are words which sever hearts more than sharp swords; there are words, the point of which sting the heart through the course of a whole life.

Words are often everywhere as the minute-hands of the soul, more important than even the hour-hands of action. Words, like glass, darken whatever they do not help us to see.

Douglas Jerrold says: "The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines, and husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell."

If we have nothing to speak to edification, how much better to hold our tongue! Clothe not thy language either with obscurity or affectation; in the one thou discoverest too much darkness, in the other too much lightness. He that speaks from the understanding to the understanding is the best interpreter. A word once uttered cannot be recalled. Many a friendship has been broken and a hope blasted by a thoughtless word. While the gift of conversation proves a clever man, the want of it is no proof of a dull one. It is a pure heart that makes the tongue impressive. Gentle words cost very little and yet they accomplish great results. They are more powerful than armed hosts engaged in mortal conflict on the open field of battle.

Ah! a single word, how its echo rings through the earth. The proverb has well said, "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver,"—a word of counsel to the erring, a word of kindness to the stranger, a word of sympathy to the sorrowing, a word of love to *all*. But a word of folly, how its memory haunts us! A word has carried death to the soul, crushed young hope struggling into existence, smothered affection in its infancy, severed from us friend and lover. How often we hear ringing in our ears the sad refrain, "It might have been!" How often, alas! we are forced to exclaim, "Pshaw! pshaw! what a fool I was, what a fool!"

How sweet, how delicious and agreeable to our ears are kind words. Their very sound is heavenly manna upon which souls may feed. Delightful and melodious they steal in our hearts in such a fascinating

way that we are powerless to force them back from whence they come. They never cause us to feel unhappy, but they ever come as a sweet messenger to cheer and encourage us in the hour of trials and disappointment when the dark clouds of adversity, with portentous lowerings, have swept away every vestige of hope and expectation.

O the power on the hardest heart of a kind word! And it costs so little. True, there may be a few specimens of humanity of such a nature that you can never get from them more than a grunt or a growl—men who complain of everything and are always as blue as indigo, as bitter as gall. But most men and women have souls and hearts, too, which will respond to your touch.

But for hard words, unkind, cruel words, words that wound and rankle, and stay to irritate and annoy, untruthful words, swollen out of proportion, great harsh adjectives that sound loudly but are not just, wise or good — these are idle words that go before us to judgment.

An idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance; but let it be fanned by passion, let it be fed with the fuel of misconception, of evil intention, of prejudice, and it will soon grow into a sweeping fire that will melt the chains of human friendship, that will burn to ashes many cherished hopes and blacken more fair names than one.

Better than gold oftentimes is a word fitly spoken. Up and down this world go many fainting discouraged ones. It may be your father, pressed down by

a weight of responsibility. It may be the little mother, coping with daily difficulties large for such frail hands. It may be the elder brother, struggling unaided to launch his lifeboat; or, mayhap, some one you only meet occasionally. But the world is full of those to whom the right kind of a word—one wisely chosen and propelled by kind motives—would be of greater use than gold. To many of us, gold is beyond reach; but where is there one who cannot speak a helpful word?

Samuel Johnson once wrote to a friend, "Your former conversation has made me think repeatedly what a number of beautiful words there are of which we never think of estimating the value, as there are of blessings. How carelessly, for example, do we (not we, but people) say: "I am delighted to hear from you." No other language has this beautiful expression, which, like some of the most lovely flowers, loses its charms for want of close inspection. When I consider the deep sense of these very simple and very common words, I seem to hear a voice coming from afar through the air, breathed forth and intrusted to the care of the elements for the nurture of my sympathy."

"Talk is cheap," is the old truism. There is more of preaching than practice. It is easier to make profession of righteousness than to work it. It is a very common thing to hear men talk of the things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, but not so common to see these virtues illustrated in daily walk and conversation.

Words cost but little, and they too often mean but

little and amount to little. But this is not the worst of it. If words do little good, they may do much harm. The blasting, blighting, cursing influence of words hastily or unadvisedly spoken, has been too often illustrated to need more than a passing notice; but the thought cannot be too deeply impressed that our words may be falling like healing leaves or rays of light upon those about us, carrying peace and blessing with them, or they may be as poisoned arrows, whose festering wounds shall work misery and death long after the lips that sent them forth shall have ceased their utterances.

Among the many evils which prevail under the sun, the abuse of words is not the least considerable. By the influence of time, and the perversion of fashion, the plainest and most unequivocal may be so altered as to have a meaning assigned them almost diametrically opposite to their original signification.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred Northerners will say "institoot" instead of institute, "dooty" for duty —a perfect rhyme to the word beauty. They will call new and news, "noo" and "noos," and so on through the dozens and hundreds of similar words. Not a dictionary in the English language authorizes this. In student and stupid the "u" has the same sound as in cupid, and should not be pronounced "stoodent" or "stoopid," as so many teachers are in the habit of sounding them. If it is a vulgarism to call a door a "doah," as we all admit, isn't it as much of a vulgarism to call a newspaper a "noospaper?" One vulgarism is Northern and the other Southern, that is the only

difference. When the London "Punch" wishes to burlesque the pronunciation of servants, it makes them call the duke the "dooke," the tutor the "tooter," and a tube a "toob." You never find the best Northern speakers, such as Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, Emerson, Holmes, and men of that class, saying "noo" for new, "Toosday" for Tuesday, "avenoo" for avenue, or calling a dupe a "doop."

Nature never indulges in exclamations—never says ah! or alas! She is a plain writer, uses few gestures, does not add to her verbs, uses few adverbs, uses no expletives.

There is a vast difference in the use of words, or their mode of combination, between the Western nations and the Eastern, or Oriental. The romances, poetry and novels of Europeans and Americans must keep within the limits of some kind of probability, although they are pictures of what might have been true, rather than truth itself. But Arabian stories, as in the "Arabian Nights," keep not within any such bounds. A tale which does not astonish, surprise and confound, and which does not set at defiance all sober calculation and rational theory, is with that imaginative people dull, lifeless, and unworthy of notice. All the East partakes of this inflated taste.

ORATORY.

Where thoughts kindle, words spontaneously flow.

The true ideal of oratory, like that of painting and sculpture, is only attainable through culture.—*Prof. Reed.*

THE qualities that make a great orator are thus stated by Wendell Phillips: "A man may be a stammerer and yet a great orator, a man may have a poor voice and yet be a great orator, a man may speak incorrectly and ungrammatically and still be a very great orator; all that is needed is to have an earnest cause thoroughly at heart, and have heart and cause so truly wedded that they are one with his innermost nature, so that when he speaks he pours out his own self, exalted by that with which he is filled."

When the Roman people had listened to the diffuse and polished discourses of Cicero, they departed, saying one to another, "What a splendid speech our orator has made!" But when the Athenians heard Demosthenes, he so filled them with the subject-matter of his oration, that they quite forgot the orator, and left him at the finish of his harangue, breathing revenge, and exclaiming, "Let us go and fight against Philip!"

The more an idea is developed, the more concise becomes its expression: the more a tree is pruned, the better is the fruit. Oratory, like the drama, abhors lengthiness; like the drama, it must be kept doing. It avoids, as frigid, prolonged metaphysical soliloquy. Beauties themselves, if they delay or dis-

tract the effect which should be produced on the audience, become blemishes. Luther tells us "the fewer words the better prayer," and Charles Buxton says, "concentration alone conquers."

Theodore Parker said in substance that eloquence is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It is the music of speech, the charm of utterance, the graceful and fervent expression of thought, the vocalization of ideas and emotions. The eloquence of John Bright was developed on the temperance platform. The marvellous command of humor and pathos shown by John B. Gough was first displayed in his advocacy of total abstinence. Wendell Phillips, the heroic and erratic champion of reform, flowered into fame in the "old Cradle of Liberty" when be rebuked the aristocracy of Boston for shutting its eyes to the shameful murder of Lovejoy.

There never is true eloquence except when great principles and sentiments have entered into the substance of the soul. Rear stronger minds and they will lift up the race to sublimer heights of dignity and power. The lives of men should be filled with beauty even as the earth and heavens are clothed with it.

The eloquence of the pulpit should be pre-eminently the eloquence of elevated thought, uttered through that various structure of discourse and style of expression in which a versatile mind will convey such thought. It should be the eloquence of real life, and of great occasion. It should be the eloquence of manly purpose in great exigencies. In its best forms it will resemble, and yet surpass, the best eloquence

of senates, in the emergencies of nations. The true preacher can be known by this, that he deals out to his people his life—life passed through the fire of thought.

On the other hand it has been asserted—and our experience proves its truth—that the wisest and most cultured men have many thoughts for which they can find no adequate expression. The best songs have not been sung, except in meek and lowly hearts, by inaudible voices, and to the minstrelsy of unseen harps. The noblest thoughts that stir man's heart cannot find utterance.

Dwight L. Moody, when he applied for admission into the Mount Vernon Congregational church of Boston, was on account of his unsatisfactory statements of experience, refused. Waiting almost a year, he presented himself again; this time he was received. Soon after, attending a church prayer-meeting, he arose and spoke briefly. At the close of the service the pastor took him aside, and kindly told him that he had better not attempt to speak in meetings, but that he might serve God more acceptably in some other way. But this young man, whom this people were so loath to hear, was yet to be listened to, on both sides of the Atlantic, by such crowds as have seldom been attracted by any man since the days of Wesley and Whitefield.

A great orator was once applied to for the rules of oratory. He said the first rule was "action;" the second rule was "action;" the third rule was "action;" thus intimating that hard work and complete mastery

of the subject he desired to speak about, was the ultimatum. It is said that Demosthenes both stammered and lisped, and when he first attempted to address an audience, they drowned his voice with their jeers. He retired to the sea-shore, and there practiced speaking in the roar of the surf, and with pebbles in his mouth. Disraeli was hooted at when he first attempted to speak in Parliament, but was afterwards acknowledged as a great orator, and the leader of the English nation.

Henry Clay once said: "I owe my success in life to a single fact, namely, at the age of twenty-seven I commenced and continued for years the practice of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These offhand efforts were made sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny."

Henry Clay thus advises young men who are ambitious to become orators: "Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day."

Here is a striking description of a great statesman and orator: "He had all the requisites of an orator, a

commanding figure, striking countenance, most penetrating eye, thorough self-possession, a voice flexible and sonorous, and a tongue voluble to a degree almost unprecedented; he had the faculty of pouring out at will copious citations from Scripture."

The following is a description of Mr. Gladstone while making one of his great speeches before Parliament. He is doubtless the greatest living orator: "One recognized at once, by his mere expression and motion, that he was already warm and proud with the ardor of forensic conflict; that he loved this arena on which he stood, and that his whole soul was in the task before him. In his first few simple sentences one already felt the sweet and persuasive power of a voice which, even in his age, has perhaps no equal in any assembly on earth. There was the soul and life of intense earnestness in its very first tones, as the commonplace opening of the speech was uttered; now subdued, to be sure, but soon to burn out and glow with all the fire of the man's warm, intellectual nature.

"The next thing observed was the contrast between this smooth, steady flow of words, this rising fluency of language, pouring out long and involved sentences without a pause, a hitch, an instant's loss of the right word, and the halting and hesitating oratory of most English public men. After listening to the stammering of Lord John Russell, the hemming and hawing of the genial Palmerston, and the studied abruptness of Disraeli, this rapid, steady, limpid quality of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence was charming. To his wonderful fluency, the flexibility and strength as well as sweet-

ness of his voice added striking effect; for it has depth, volume, and wide range of tone, and quickly adapts itself to the rhetorical need of the moment.

"His giant intellect, strength of character, and purity of life make him a favorite among the noble-minded in all the nations of the earth. Though his noble brow, over which hoary locks are falling, is wrinkled with age, he is full of life, eloquence, and prompt activity. His Christian faith and personal efforts for the eternal happiness of men crown this gifted statesman with peculiar honor.

"The opening deceived you somehow into the idea that the flow of the harangue would be sweet and serene throughout. But before Mr. Gladstone had been speaking fifteen minutes he seemed, as Sydney Smith said of Webster, 'a steam engine in trowsers.' No orator was ever more susceptible to the warming-up process, caused by the very act of speaking, than he. No orator ever became more wrapt, more absorbed in the task before him. You felt profoundly that he was speaking from the most firmly-rooted convictions; that the cause he advocated was buried deep in his heart, and was the outcome alike of conscience and intellectual self-persuasion. The dominant idea with him was, not to make a great display, not to produce a refined and polished-off bit of eloquence, but to persuade and to convince. He produced that powerful effect upon his hearers which is one of the highest triumphs of oratory, that made you feel ashamed and perverse not to agree with him and be persuaded."

Robert Hall was considered the greatest orator in

the English pulpit, and, like Spurgeon, was a Baptist. The following description of one of his sermons is very vivid: "He looked more like a dead man than a living one. With slow and mechanical utterance he began. Without motion or gesture, save a feeble, occasional movement of the right hand, he went on. He first described, as only he could, the glories of the natural heavens, and exalted God as the "Father" of all these lights. He then called a graphic roll of the world's intellectual masters. God was also the Father of mental greatness. And he dwelt on moral and spiritual greatness, and traced it all to God.

"As he proceeded, a wonderful change came over his face. The flabbiness passed away from his cheeks, and the heaviness out of his eyes. His face shone like an angel's, his eye blazed with unnatural brilliance, and his voice, losing the huskiness with which he began, rang like a trumpet. A great change also came over the audience. As he went on from picture to picture, and poured out on that audience, accustomed indeed to eloquence, but now astonished, his wonderful wealth of word and thought, the people leaned forward in their seats hardly daring to breathe, and finally fully one-third of them, unconscious of what they were doing, rose up and leaned towards the pulpit as far as they could reach. Many left their pews, and with unconscious steps silently, stealthily crept down the aisles, until they found themselves standing entranced directly in front of the speaker, so irresistible was the magnet that drew them.

"When the sermon was over, the giant disease

again claimed its victim, the eyes sunk and the face fell. He was again the feeble, dying man. But during that glorious hour, when 'great thoughts struck along the brain,' the mind was supreme. It spurned weakness and death, and claimed its birthright."

Gen. Mitchell, the great astronomer, who died at the South during the late war, closed one of his lectures as follows:

"Light traverses space at the rate of a million miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Herschel's great telescope revealed stars two thousand three hundred times further distant. The great telescope of Lord Rosse pursued these creations of God still deeper into space, and having resolved the nebulæ of the Milky Way into stars, discovered other systems of stars—beautiful diamond points glittering in the black darkness beyond. When he beheld this amazing abyss—when he saw these systems scattered profusely throughout space—when he reflected upon their immense distance, their enormous magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them, it seemed to him as though the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized.

"God called man in his dream into the vestibule of heaven, saying: 'Come hither, and I will show thee the glory of my house.' And to His angels who stood about His throne be said, 'Take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse him of his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils, but touch not the human heart,'—the heart that fears, that hopes, and trembles.

A moment, and it was done; and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sounds of the flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of Heaven. Some time, on the mighty angel's wings, they fled through Saharas of darkness—wildernesses of death. At length, from a distance not counted save in the arithmetic of Heaven, a light beamed upon them—a sleepy flame, as seen through a hazy cloud. In a moment, the blazing suns around them—a moment, and the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then, again, on the right hand and the left appeared more constellations.

"At last the man sank down, crying: 'Angel, I can go no further; let me lie down in the grave, and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none!' 'End there is none!' demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around there came a choral shout, 'End there is none! End there is none!'"

The Power of Music.

"Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie."—*Milton.*

Music hath its charms the savage breast to soothe, and there breathes not a human being so dead to the pure and holy instincts implanted by God himself that he does not grow kinder and more gentle under its soothing strains.

The harsh cares of life often blunt our better natures and make us cold and selfish. But the sweet song of a little child, trilling forth the praise of "Blessed Jesus," will thrill the soul and turn the whole channel of our thoughts and emotions in a new and heavenly direction. Even the wandering beggar with his hand-organ upon the streets, when it breaks forth with a "Sweet Bye and Bye" beneath our office windows, will turn our thoughts back upon the pleasant evenings we spent with a loved one, when we sang that song, and little dreamed of the bitter bye and bye, when we should be left to walk this gloomy earth alone, while she passed on to that better land in fulfillment of the beautiful prophecy of the song.

The power of music is attested in the universal attention commanded by a beautiful singer. Genin, the hatter, paid two hundred and twenty-five dollars to hear Jenny Lind sing, and many a man has parted with his hard-earned dollars in the gambling hell and dance hall under the witchery of "Home, Sweet Home." The delirium of joy experienced when, after months of lonely work upon the mountain side, the poor miner hears the loved cradle songs in the gilded palace of sin, can only be realized by those who have witnessed such scenes.

Who can tell the priceless value of beautiful hymns sung by the little child in the nursery, by the sailor on the mighty ocean, by the lone negro woman in her cabin on the Florida shore, and by the bedside of the sick and dying. They are almost a religion in themselves, they are full of words of love, of holy faith and

holy teaching, and they cannot but elevate and purify the heart and life, and from my inmost soul I bless God for the gift of beautiful hymns.

Learn to use your voices, boys; it will often help you over a stiff bit of work to sing, and true gladness is infectious, for a "merry heart doeth good like medicine." An officer lay on the field of Shiloh, fatally wounded by a gunshot. A multitude of others, helpless like himself, were stretched on the ground around him, but none so near that he could easily converse. He felt himself alone—but with God—and this made him almost forget his pain and thirst, and the sadness of his dying thoughts of home and friends never to be seen by him again. Another home rose before him in the twilight of eternity—the place prepared by the Sufferer of Calvary for "His loved and His own"; and as he lay there under the stars, the vision of it brightened as he drew nearer to it, and he began to sing:

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Instantly another wounded man under the bushes not far away took up the strain, and beyond him another and another, and the suffering and dying all around began to sing, till the dark battle-field rang that night with the melody of faith and hope.

We all can set our daily deeds to the music of a grateful heart, and seek to round our lives into a hymn —the melody of which will be recognized by all who come in contact with us, and the power of which shall

not be evanescent, like the voice of the singer, but perennial, like the music of the spheres.

Music is the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world; one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound. The deeper tones that lie in the silences of nature will be all inaudible, unless the ear be overhearing at the same time the deep music of the heart.

On board the ill-fated steamer *Seawanhaka* was one of the Fisk University singers. Before leaving the burning steamer and committing himself to the merciless waves he carefully fastened upon himself and wife life-preservers. Some one cruelly dragged away that of the wife, leaving her without hope, except as she could cling to her husband. This she did, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders and resting there until her strength becoming exhausted, she said, "I can hold on no longer!" "Try a little longer," was the response of the wearied and agonized husband, "let us sing 'Rock of Ages.'" And as the sweet strains floated over those troubled waters reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, little did they know, those sweet singers of Israel, whom they comforted.

But lo! as they sang, one after another of those exhausted ones were seen raising their heads above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this sweet, dying, pleading prayer:

> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee.

With the song seemed to come strength; another and yet another was encouraged to renewed effort. Soon

in the distance a boat was seen approaching! Singing still, they tried, and soon with superhuman strength laid hold of the life-boat, upon which they were borne in safety to land. This is no fiction; it was related by the singer himself, who said he "believed Toplady's sweet 'Rock of Ages' saved many another besides himself and wife."

Many of the wild animals are said to be fond of and even charmed by music; the hunters of the Tyrol and some parts of Germany often entice stags by singing, and the female deer by playing the flute. Beavers and rats have been taught to dance the rope, keeping time to music.

Among reptiles, the lizard shows, perhaps, the most remarkable susceptibility to musical influences; lying first on his back, and then on his side, and anon on his belly, as if desiring to expose every part of his body to the effect of the sonorous fluid which is so delightful to him. He appears to be very refined in his taste; soft voices and plaintive airs being his favorites, while hoarse singing and noisy music disgust him.

Among the insects, spiders are found to be very fond of music; as soon as the sounds reach them, they descend along their web to the point nearest to that from which the music originates, and there remain motionless as long as it continues. Prisoners sometimes tame them by singing or whistling, and make companions of them.

But perhaps the most remarkable influence of music on animals occurred at a menagerie in Paris, a

few years ago, when a concert was given, and two elephants were among the auditors. The orchestra being placed out of their sight, they could not perceive whence the harmony came. The first sensation was that of surprise; at one moment they gazed eagerly at the spectators; the next they ran at their keeper to caress him, and seemed to enquire what these strange sounds meant; but, at length, perceiving that nothing was amiss, they gave themselves up to the impressions which the music communicated. Each new tune seemed to produce a change of feeling, causing their gestures and cries to assume an expression in accordance with it. But it was still more remarkable that after a piece had produced an agreeable effect upon them, if it was incorrectly played they would remain cold and unmoved.

Properly used, sacred song may be made a most powerful educator. There ought to be soul in song, as well as sound. There ought to be thought in song, as well as vibration. Sounds may be agreeable even to an idiot; but only words with thought in them give pleasure to the intellect. The patriotic sentiment excited by "The Marseillaise," or "The Star-Spangled Banner," arises not so much from the music, as from the words. Even when we hear the tune only, our excitement can be traced to the spinal thought which we associate with the music.

Song is a power in patriotism, temperance, missions, politics, parlor companionship and street development. It is a power in religion—not the power of sweet melody, but the power of evangelical truth. It is the

function of music to charm the senses, and thus secure a ready welcome to a truth which, coming alone, would be debarred an entrance. There is a degradation of music which reduces it to a Sunday pastime, or uses it as a piece of stuffing to fill a gap in a prayer meeting. Every hymn is supposed to contain at least a morsel of heavenly bread. The problem should be, how to get that morsel into the spiritual stomach. The singing fails of its true end if it is nothing but singing, with no instruction and no arousing. Perhaps there is too much singing in our Sunday schools, merely for the sake of singing. Perhaps it may be said of a great deal of our singing, that it does no harm, while it relieves the tedium of a dry service. But why may not every hymn be sung for the sake of the truth in it, and the passing pleasure be made entirely subordinate to the permanent instruction?

Eccentricities of Genius.

How common it is to speak of a strong man's eccentricities, or of his peculiar faults, as if they were the source of his power. Even the boorishness and incivility and ill nature of a man, or his overweening vanity, or his violent and ungoverned temper, and his selfish disregard of the feelings and the rights of others, are sometimes spoken of as elements of strength in him. Yet it is invariably true that such a man has made all his progress and gained all his power in spite

of these faults, and not in consequence of them. If he were without these drawbacks, or if he held them in control, he would be more of a man, and do a better work, than now.

A recent writer on Bismarck has thus emphasized this truth: "In judging a hero there are two facts to be borne in mind. First, it is not his objectionable, but his good qualities that have enabled him to play a great part. Otherwise it were necessary to despair of humanity. Secondly, where the faults are conspicuous the redeeming virtues must be of no ordinary kind. Some French writers have lately been trying to destroy the fame of Napoleon. The attempt is sufficiently puerile, but the Lanfreys and others do prove the conqueror of Europe to have been a person of many vices. Only, they fail to understand that by this process they raise the man to a rather loftier eminence than he previously occupied. For what must have been the genius which so triumphed over flaws of mind and heart that its possessor not only ruled a continent, but won the love aud homage of millions?"

If you are conscious of any peculiar faults which are recognized and tolerated by your friends, do not nurse them, or even give them tolerance yourself, in the mistaken notion that they are elements of your strength and attractiveness. You are doing all that you do of good, and holding all the friends you still retain, in spite of those faults; and you would do a great deal better and have more to love you if you conquered them. And if you see the evident faults of one who is widely recognized as a strong man or

as a good one, and who attaches many to him, be sure that he has positive good qualities overbalancing those poor ones.

Mr. Spurgeon recently delivered an address upon "Eccentric Preachers," at the annual tea and public meeting of the friends and patrons of the Tabernacle College. He first defined what it was to be eccentric. Eccentricity, as generally regarded, is simply a differing from some one else, especially some one who sets himself up, or is set up by others as a standard of propriety. "One charge of eccentricity," Mr. Spurgeon said, "brought against Whitefield and Wesley was that they actually wore their own hair instead of wearing wigs. Could anything be more monstrous? A holy person from Holland wrote to him, and said he had read his sermons with pleasure, but could do so no longer, as he now found that he was a carnal and worldly man, who wore a moustache."

Some men are eccentric because they are essentially truthful and in dead earnest in what they say. Earnest men cannot always be proper. And again preachers had been considered eccentric because they have a vast amount of dramatic energy in them. Such men meant to save men's souls, and resolved to do anything and everything to accomplish it. He gave instances in illustration, and from his point of view, we come to the conclusion that eccentricity in a preacher is not so bad a thing after all, but generally a most valuable quality.

When we see so many accomplished wits of the present age, as remarkable for the decorum of their

lives as for the brilliancy of their writings, we may believe that next to principle it is owing to their good sense which regulates and chastises their imaginations. The vast conceptions which enable a true genius to ascend the sublimest heights may be so connected with the stronger passions as to give it a natural tendency to fly off from the straight line of regularity, till good sense, acting on the fancy, makes it gravitate powerfully towards that virtue which is its proper center.

Add to this, when it is considered with what imperfection the Divine Wisdom has thought fit to stamp everything human, it will be found that excellence and infirmity are so inseparably wound up in each other that a man derives the soreness of temper and irritability of nerve which make him uneasy to others and unhappy to himself from those exquisite feelings, and that elevated pitch of thought by which, as the Apostle expresses it on a more serious occasion, he is, as it were, out of the body.

It is not astonishing, therefore, when the spirit is carried away by the magnificence of its own ideas,

"Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd,"

that the frail body, which is the natural victim of pain, disease and death, should not always be able to follow the mind in its noblest aspirations, but should be as imperfect as if it belonged only to an ordinary soul.

Great geniuses appear to cherish the fond delusion that their powers must remain at the meridian and be susceptible to no decline or decay. Few, indeed, have

been those who possessed that self-abnegating wisdom which perceives when the mental powers have attained the exact zenith in the broad concavity of thorough development. Irving was one of these, and his last work was his greatest; but the great majority of the famous, blinded by vanity or thoughtlessness, refuse to relinquish the pen until even the memory of their former greatness can procure from them nothing more than the contemptuous toleration of pity. The most sorrowful of sights is a Titan shorn of his strength, and while hurling pebbles, calling them the tremendous rocks with which he once did battle with the gods.

The author of "Home, Sweet Home," J. H. Payne, a poor but genial-hearted man, was walking with a friend in London, and, pointing to one of the most aristocratic houses in Mayfield, he said: "Under those windows I composed the song of 'Home, Sweet Home,' as I wandered about without food, or a semblance of shelter I could call my own. Many a night since I wrote these words, that issued out of my heart by absolute want of a home, have I passed and repassed in this locality, and heard a stern voice coming from within those gilded walls, in the depth of a dim, cold London winter, warbling 'Home, Sweet Home,' while I, the author of them, knew no bed to call my own.

"I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard people singing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without a penny to buy the next meal, or a place to put my head in. The world

has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." It is hinted by those who ought to know, that "the genial-hearted man's" improvidence caused his family no slight trouble and expense.

TRUE CHIVALRY.

He is a gentleman who does gentle deeds.

The truly brave are soft of heart and eyes.—*Byron.*

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of her sex.—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

THOSE who have shone in all ages as the lights of the world; the most celebrated names that are recorded in the annals of fame; legislators, the founders of states, and the fathers of their country, on whom succeeding ages have looked back with filial reverence; patriots, the guardians of the laws, who have stemmed the torrent of corruption in every age; heroes, the saviours of their country, who have returned victorious from the field of battle, or, more than victorious, who have died for their country; philosophers, who have opened the book of nature and explained the wonders of almighty power; bards, who have sung the praises of virtue and of virtuous men, whose strains carry them down to immortality,—with a few exceptions, have been uniformly on the side of goodness, and have been as such distinguished in the temple of fame.

It was one of the maxims which governed their lives, that there is nothing in nature which can compensate wickedness; that although the rewards and punishments which influence illiberal and ungenerous minds were set aside; that although the thunders of the Almighty were hushed, and the gates of paradise were open no more, they would follow religion and virtue for their own sake, and co-operate with eternal Providence in perpetual endeavors to favor the good, to depress the bad, and to promote the happiness of the whole creation.

To redress wrongs, to protect the weak, to honor woman, to be faithful to his leader, and never to turn his back upon foe—these were the chosen duties of the knight, and his great aim was to make himself brave, faithful, true and stainless. I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden. When a people shall learn that its greatest benefactors and most important members are men devoted to the liberal instruction of all its classes, to the work of raising to life its buried intellect, it will have opened to itself the path of true glory.

Men of guinea stamp are much more the coinage of heaven than of earth. And happy indeed for mankind if the truth were universally recognized that the mind, the heart, the soul, and not high birth and great fortune, are the true standards of man. The thing that ennobles is virtue and virtuous endeavors, either for ourselves or others, and the thing that degrades is not

lowly condition or the humble and unambitious toil, but indolence and vice.

People glorify all sorts of bravery except the bravery they might show on behalf of their nearest neighbors. If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow. If you are to do a noble thing, do it now. A bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without a eulogy, are preferable to a life without love and sympathy.

A Chinese honey-merchant, by the name of Shai-King-qua, had long known an English trader named Anderson, and had large transactions with him. Mr. Anderson failed in business through heavy losses, and at the time owed his Chinese friend eighty thousand dollars. Wishing to come to England to retrieve his affairs, he called on the merchant and explained his hopes and situation. The Chinaman listened with anxious attention, and then said, "My friend Anderson, you have been very unfortunate; you lose all; I very sorry you go to England; but that you no forget Chinaman friend, take this, and remember Shai-King-qua." So saying, he held out a valuable gold watch and gave it to his friend.

Mr. Anderson did not live to retrieve his affairs or return to China. When the account of his death and the distress in which he left his family reached Canton, the honey merchant called on one of the gentlemen of the factory who was about to return to Europe, and thus addressed him: "Poor Mr. Anderson dead! I very sorry. He good man—he friend—and he leave two children—they poor, they have nothing—they

child of my friend; you take this for them, tell them Chinaman friend send it." And he put a sum of money into his hand amounting to several hundred pounds.

Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe.

Samuel Smiles says: "It is a grand old name, that of gentleman, and has been recognized as a rank and power in all stages of society. To possess this character is a dignity of itself, commanding the instinctive homage of every generous mind, and those who will not bow to titular rank will yet do homage to the gentleman. His qualities depend not upon fashion or manners, but upon moral worth; not on personal possessions, but on personal qualities. The Psalmist briefly describes him as one 'that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.'"

Ruskin tells us, "A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation; and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies; one may say, simply, 'fineness of nature.' This is of course compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy."

It is related of the great Lord Lawrence, that during the conduct of some important case for a young Indian Rajah, the prince endeavored to place in his

hands, under the table, a bag of rupees. "Young man," said Lawrence, "you have offered to an Englishman the greatest insult which he could possibly receive. This time, in consideration of your youth, I excuse it. Let me warn you, by this experience, never again to commit so gross an offense against an English gentleman."

Brave and honest men do not work for gold. They work for love, for honor, for character. When Socrates suffered death rather than abandon his views of right morality, when Las Casas endeavored to mitigate the tortures of the poor Indians, they had no thought of money or country. They worked for the elevation of all that thought, and for the relief of all that suffered.

Said a recent lecturer upon Masonry: "Every emblem teaches us as brothers, to lay down all feelings of ill-will or distrust towards a brother, when we enter the door of the lodge, and then forget to take them up again as we go out." Surely every instinct of chivalry teaches us all to do this in the world as well as in the lodge room.

It is related by travelers in Spain, that a custom prevails there which is the very cream of chivalrous action. When a stranger stops at a restaurant for his dinner, he will be likely to find that his bill has been paid, when he calls for it, by some native gentleman, who, perceiving the stranger, takes this mode of expressing his good will and hospitable desires.

Charles Lamb says: "In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry,—a certain obse-

quiousness or deferential respect which we are supposed to pay to females as females.

"I shall be disposed to admit this when, in polite circles, I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear; to the woman as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune or a title. I shall believe it to be something more than a name when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting and intending to excite a sneer; when the phrases, 'antiquated virginity,' and such a one has 'overstood her market,' pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offense in man or woman that shall hear them spoken."

In no country, whether of ancient or modern times, have women had less to complain of in their treatment by man, than in America. This is no rhetorical declamation; it is the simple statement of an undeniable fact. It is a matter of social history. Since the days of early colonial life to the present hour such has been the general course of things in this country. The hardest tasks have been taken by man, and a generous tenderness has been shown to women in many of the details of social life, pervading all classes of society, to a degree beyond what is customary even in the most civilized countries of Europe.

The best husbands I ever met came out of a family where the mother, a most heroic and self-denying woman, laid down the absolute law, "Girls first." Not in any authority, but first to be thought of as to pro-

tection and tenderness. Consequently the chivalrous care which these lads were taught to show to their own sisters naturally extended itself to all women. They grew up true gentlemen—generous, unexacting, courteous of speech and kind of heart. In them was the protecting strength of manhood, which scorns to use its strength except for protection; the proud honesty of manhood which infinitely prefers being lovingly and openly resisted to being twisted round one's finger as mean men are twisted, and mean women will always be found ready to do it, but which, I think, all honest men and brave women would not merely dislike, but utterly despise.

PATRIOTISM.

IF we would see the foundations laid broadly and deeply on which the fabric of this country's liberties shall rest to the remotest generations; if we would see her carry forward the work of political reformation, and rise the bright and morning star of freedom over a benighted world, let us elevate the intellectual and moral characters of every class of our citizens, and especially let us imbue them thoroughly with the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Goethe says: "In peace, patriotism really consists only in this—that every one sweeps before his own door, minds his own business, also learns his own lesson, that it may be well with him in his own house." We naturally associate the word with the idea of war,

but the truest patriotism and the noblest, is developed in times of peace, and is shown in heroic endeavors to prevent war and promote the welfare of the nation.

If I wished to raise up a race of statesmen, higher than politicians, animated not by greed or selfishness, by policy or party, I would familiarize the boys of the land with the characters of the Bible, with Joseph and Moses, Joshua and Samuel, Daniel and Paul—and I would teach them the gentle wisdom of Jesus Christ.

As true patriots, our object should be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever! Of the whole sum of human life no small part is that which consists of a man's relations to his country, and his feelings concerning it.

When the patriot leaves his native land, he ever feels to say, with Mary Queen of Scots:

> "Farewell, dear land, farewell to thee,
> The loved, the cherished home to me;
> A theme of joy, a dream that's o'er—
> Farewell, dear land, farewell to thee."

We entirely believe that a republican government in a Christian land may be the highest, the noblest, and the happiest that the world has yet seen. Still we do not believe in magic; and we do not believe in idolatry. We Americans are just as much given to idolatry as any other people. Our idols may differ from those of other nations; but they are, not the less,

still idols. And it strikes the writer that the ballot-box is rapidly becoming an object of idolatry with us.

From the vote alone we expect protection against all things evil. The vote is expected by its very touch, suddenly and instantaneously, to produce miraculous changes; it is expected to make the foolish wise, the ignorant knowing, the weak strong, the fraudulent honest. It is expected to turn dross to gold. It is held to be the great educator, not only as regards races, but individuals and classes of men, and that in the twinkling of an eye, with magical rapidity.

Were this theory practically sound the vote would really prove a talisman. In that case we should give ourselves no rest until the vote were instantly placed in the hands of every Chinaman landing in California, and of every Indian roving over the plains. But are all voters wise? Are all voters honest? Are all voters enlightened? Are all voters faithful servants of their country? Alas! we know only too well that when a man is not already honest, and just, and wise, and enlightened, the vote he holds cannot make him so.

It is very clear that the ballot-box needs to be closely guarded on one side by common sense, on the other by honesty; and the angel of patriotism must hover over all with her holy fire to light the being who casts his franchise in that sacred receptacle. A man must be endowed with a certain amount of education and of principle, before he receives the vote, to fit him for a worthy use of it.

Yet there are men who have refused to be bought, in all times and ages. Even the poorest, inspired by

duty, have refused to sell themselves for money. Among the North American Indians a wish for wealth is considered unworthy of a brave man, so that the chief is often the poorest of his tribe. The best benefactors of the race have been poor men, among the Israelities, among the Greeks, and among the Romans. Elisha was at the plow when called to be a prophet, and Cincinnatus was in his fields when called to lead the armies of Rome. Socrates and Epaminondas were among the poorest men in Greece. Such, too, were the Galilean fishermen, the inspired founders of our faith.

Aristides was called "The Just" from his unbending integrity. His sense of justice was spotless, and his self-denial unimpeachable. He fought at Marathon, at Salamis, and commanded at the battle of Platea. Though he had borne the highest offices in the state, he died poor. Nothing could buy him; nothing could induce him to swerve from his duty. It is said that the Athenians became more virtuous from contemplating his bright example. In the representation of one of the tragedies of Æschylus, a sentence was uttered in favor of moral goodness, on which the eyes of the audience turned involuntarily from the actor to Aristides.

Phocion, the Athenian general, a man of great bravery and foresight, was surnamed "The Good." Alexander the Great, when overrunning Greece, endeavored to win him from his loyalty. He offered him riches, and the choice of four cities in Asia. The answer of Phocion bespoke the spotless character of

the man. "If Alexander really esteems me," he said, "let him leave me my honesty."

Yet Demosthenes, the eloquent, could be bought. When Harpalus, one of Alexander's chiefs, came to Athens, the orators had an eye upon his gold. Demosthenes was one of them. What is eloquence without honesty? On his visit to Harpalus, the chief perceived that Demosthenes was much pleased with one of the king's beautifully-engraved cups. He desired him to take it in his hand that he might feel its weight. "How much might it bring?" asked Demosthenes. "It will bring you twenty talents," replied Harpalus. That night the cup was sent to Demosthenes, with twenty talents in it. The present was not refused. The circumstance led to the disgrace of the orator, and he soon after poisoned himself.

Cicero, on the other hand, refused all presents from friends, as well as from the enemies of his country. Some time after his assassination, Cæsar found one of his grandsons with a book of Cicero's in his hands. The boy endeavored to hide it, but Cæsar took it from him. After having run over it, he returned it to the boy, saying, "My dear child, this was an eloquent man, and a lover of his country."

My heart grows faint with longing, and I am fairly homesick at times to hear the grand old tunes of my boyhood days, when the whole land was marshaled into patriotic bands, and the "Tramp, tramp, my boys," resounded from hillside, valley and plain. "Brave boys are they, gone at their country's call," brings forth the silent tear as memory wanders back to the

loved ones who went but never returned. "There will be one vacant chair" has long since been realized, and but for Time, the healer of all wounds, the realization would be past all endurance. The friend at my elbow begins to hum "For Dixie's land we'll take our stand," as his thoughts go back over the same period; and now his eyes flash, his lips quiver, and he breathes forth,

> "She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,—
> Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
> She breathes—she burns! She'll come, she'll come,
> Maryland! My Maryland!"

His heart is aglow with the old ardor which called forth the defiant cheer of the brave patriot.

The finest displays of power,—such as those which delineate Prometheus blessing mankind and defying the thunder of Jove, even when fastened to the barren rock with the vulture tugging at his heart,—what are they but the principles which have animated men who have struck for freedom, braving the dungeon, the stake and the scaffold in their enthusiasm for liberty and their determination to emancipate themselves and their fellow-creatures?

Neither Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth; no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublime geometry, felt more intellectual joys than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends all the force of his understanding and directs all his thoughts and actions to the good of his country.

MODESTY.

Piety is a kind of modesty. It makes us turn aside our thoughts, as modesty makes us cast down our eyes in the presence of whatever is forbidden.—*Joubert.*

The most effective coquetry is innocence.

HUMILITY is an element of success. Pride makes a man overrate himself and leads him to undertake what he cannot perform. But humility, a true modesty before God and man, teaches him to wait patiently until success comes in ligitimate ways.

People with great genius are seldom of most use in the world, for they are flattered by their friends into a selfish spirit, that inspires an overweening self-confidence, and over-reaching spirit which always leads to defeat. Modesty comes soonest and surest to the humble and unattractive. Modesty is not at all inconsistent with dignity, self-respect and proper self-confidence. Modesty is the balance-wheel to hold the strong man to a conservative life. Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty is insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance. Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.

I have observed that under the notion of modesty men have indulged themselves in a spiritless sheepishness, and been forever lost to themselves, their families, their friends, and their country. When a man has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he may justly aim at and can execute as well as any other,

without injustice to any other, it is ever want of breeding or courage to be browbeaten or elbowed out of his honest ambition. I have said often that modesty must be an act of the will, and yet it always implies self-denial; for if a man has an ardent desire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and from an unmanly bashfulness shrinks away, and lets his merit languish in silence, he ought not to be angry at the world that a more unskillful actor succeeds in his part, because he has not confidence to come upon the stage himself.

When a man has a particularly empty head, he generally sets up for a great judge, especially in religion. None so wise as the man who knows nothing. His ignorance is the mother of his impudence and the nurse of his obstinacy; and though he does not know B from a bull's foot, he settles matters as if all wisdom were in his fingers' ends—the Pope himself is not more infallible. Hear him talk after he has been at meeting and heard a sermon, and you will know how to pull a good man to pieces, if you never knew it before. He sees faults where there are none, and if there be a few things amiss, he makes every mouse into an elephant. Although you might put all his wit into an egg-shell, he weighs the sermon in the balances of his conceit, with all the airs of a bred-and-born Solomon, and if it be up to his standard, he lays on his praise with a trowel; but if it be not to his taste, he growls and barks and snaps at it like a dog at a hedgehog.

Wise men in this world are like trees in a hedge,

there is only here and there one; and when these rare men talk together upon a discourse, it is good for the ears to hear them; but the bragging wiseacres I am speaking of are vainly puffed up by their fleshly minds, and their quibbling is as senseless as the cackle of geese on a common. Nothing comes out of a sack but what was in it, and as their bag is empty, they shake nothing but wind out of it. It is very likely that neither ministers nor their sermons are perfect—the best garden may have a few weeds in it, the cleanest corn may have some chaff—but cavillers cavil at anything or nothing, and find fault for the sake of showing off their deep knowledge; sooner than let their tongues have a holiday, they would complain that the grass is not a nice shade of blue, and say that the sky would have looked neater if it had been whitewashed.

Oh the vain pride of mere intellectual ability! how worthless, how contemptible when contrasted with the riches of the heart! What is the understanding, or the hard, dry capacity of the brain and body? A mere dead skeleton of opinions, a few dry bones tied up together, if there be not a soul to add moisture and life, substance and reality, truth and joy. Every one will remember the modest saying of Newton—perhaps the greatest man who ever lived—the discoverer of the method of Fluxions, the theory of universal gravitation and the decomposition of light—that he felt himself but as a child playing by the seashore, while the immense ocean of truth lay all unexplored before him! Have we any philosophers who will make such a confession now?

A modest person seldom fails to gain the goodwill of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself. Modesty is silent when it would be improper to speak; the humble, without being called upon, never recollects to say anything of himself.

Everything without tells the individual that he is nothing; everything within persuades him that he is everything. Modesty is the chastity of merit, the virginity of noble souls. Modesty and the dew love the shade. Each shine in the open day only to be exhaled to heaven. The first of all virtues is innocence; the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it. Nothing can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.

Dr. Johnson says: "Modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness, if it suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world, when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself." The humble soul is like the violet, which grows low, hangs the head downwards, and hides itself with its own leaves; and were it not that the fragrant smell of his many graces discovered him to the world, he would choose to live and die in secrecy.

No humility is perfect and proportioned but that which makes us hate ourselves as corrupt, but respect ourselves as immortal; the humility that kneels in the dust but gazes on the skies. He that loves God until he fears nothing is the typical Christian, the ideal

man, and out of him proceeds all kindness, all truth, all love, all faith, all self-respect, all needful restraint, all things that go to make him a full man, moving in the ranks of society naturally and easily. Liberty is one of the signs of Christianity.

Baxter declares: "You little know what you have done when you have first broke the bounds of modesty; you have set open the door of your fancy to the devil, so that he can, almost at his pleasure, ever after represent the same sinful pleasure to you anew; he hath now access to your fancy to stir up lustful thoughts and desires, so that when you should think of your calling, or of your God, or of your soul, your thoughts will be worse than swinish, upon the filth that is not fit to be named. If the devil here get in a foot, he will not easily be got out."

Modesty is the ground on which all a woman's charms appear to the best advantage. In manners, dress and conversation, remember always that modesty must never be forgotten. There is now-a-days a tendency in woman to rebel against old-fashioned modesty. The doctrine of liberty is spreading among us, for which I thank God. But the first effects of that doctrine on our minds are a little confusing. We are growing more independent and more individual. Some of us fancy that to be modest is to be old-fashioned, and, of course, we want the newest fashions in all things. "I maintain that a modest woman is the reply of my sex to a brave man—you can no more have a true woman without modesty than a true man without courage. But remember, I use the word modesty in a

high sense. Not prudery. Prudery is on the surface; modesty is in the soul. Rosalind in her boy's suit is delightfully modest, but not very prudish."

The following advice, from the sermon of a Jewish rabbi, is directed to young ladies previous to marriage, during the progress of courtship:

"Let me admonish you of the behavior becoming this relationship. The sweetheart relationship anticipates marriage, whether as yet it has progressed to engagement or not. In view of this, we would remind you that you should in all respects bear yourself in such a way as to win the respect and confidence of the man you expect to call your husband. Many a foolish girl, in the intimacy of the sweetheart relationship, has utterly lost the confidence of the man who had come to admire her, although he himself may have been most at fault. No man of self-respect and pride of character will be willing to marry the woman in whom he has not entire confidence. She who is not unapproachably modest as a sweetheart, will be justly liable to suspicion as a wife.

"If young ladies knew how almost every immodesty they suffer comes to light and is made the subject of gossip and of jest, it would make them careful, even if their native self-respect and pride of character were not sufficient. Perhaps marriage does not take place between you and the man who makes you the subject of his attentions. I am sorry to say that men are not always as manly as they ought to be in regard to such matters, and oftentimes make mention of them to their companions, and thus everybody

comes to know of them. But, even if the gentleman should be more discreet than that, it may turn out that he at length marries some other person, and some time or other, when your name is mentioned between them, he tells his wife what he knows about you. Then she—in confidence, of course—mentions the matter to some other lady friend; and so the information becomes public property.

"It is a pleasant thing for a man to reflect, however loose his morals may be, that she who is now his wife never, in all their courtship, permitted the slightest indelicacy."

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general, undetermined instinct: the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.

MANLY BEAUTY.

Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament.—*Milton.*

WITH what admiration are we filled at beholding a noble, earnest man. The manly man, whose every feature betokens the brave spirit within, arouses our

warmest sympathy, and even though he be a stranger, we wish him God-speed. Then, if this manliness and nobility of bearing, this evident kindliness of heart and gentility of manner, be joined to a noble frame, and he stands forth with a handsome face and commanding figure, we are ready to acknowledge the natural born leader. This is our highest type of manly beauty.

Beauty depends more upon the movement of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest. Thus a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating causes of the movement or expressions which stamp their character upon it.

The high and divine beauty which can be loved without effeminacy, is that which is found in combination with the human will, and never separate.

The manliest man of all is the one who loves God and is kind to all His creatures. This man never fears to do right because some one may ridicule him; he never hesitates to say "No," when *no* is the word to say.

This manly man was once a manly boy; then, as now, he scorned to do a mean act, not because it would be found out, but because, being what he was, he could not do wrong. Some boys cannot do mean things; it is not *in* them.

Are you such a boy? or do you go about slyly, looking to see if you are observed, and if not—forgetting that God's eye is upon you—doing a thousand things of which you ought to be ashamed?

Not long since two boys were excused from their Sunday school class because they were immediately needed at home. When the school closed, their teacher saw them skulking around the corner to escape observation. Such boys will never make manly men.

Who stole those melons, who stoned that stray dog, who jeered at that poor old man, who defaces buildings and ruins shade trees? Not the manly boy, but the *other* one; what shall we call him? Our penitentiaries are full of these *other* boys, grown to be men in size, but never manly at heart. Will you be one of that number, or will you belong to the class who are *never* found there?

Truth is the foundation and the reason of the perfection of beauty; for of whatever stature a thing may be, it cannot be beautiful and perfect unless it be truly what it should be, and possess truly all that it should have.

Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of Nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Corneades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of Nature; and Ovid, alluding to it, calls it a favor bestowed by the gods.

When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty, when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America,—before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane—the sea behind and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around,—can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm groves and savannahs as fit drapery?

In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Beauty haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone.

John Ray remarks that there are "no better cosmetics than a severe temperance and purity, modesty and humility, a gracious temper and calmness of spirit; and no true beauty without the signature of these graces in the very countenance."

As amber attracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth continues; but virtue, wisdom, goodness, and real worth, like the lodestone, never loose their power. These are the true graces, which, as Homer feigns, are linked and

tied hand in hand, because it is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other.

Cicero says: "I am of opinion that there is nothing so beautiful but that there is something still more beautiful, of which this is the mere image and expression,—a something which can neither be perceived by the eyes, the ears, nor any of the senses; we comprehend it merely in the imagination."

There is more or less of pathos in all true beauty. The delight it awakens has an indefinable, and, as it were, luxurious sadness, which is perhaps one element of its might. In ourselves, rather than in material nature, lie the true source and life of the beautiful. The human soul is the sun which diffuses light on every side, investing creation with its lovely hues, and calling forth the poetic element that lies hidden in every existing thing.

Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man; only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere.

Womanly Virtues.

A virtuous woman looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Amongst women of breeding the exterior of gentleness is so uniformly assumed, and the whole manner is so perfectly level and *uni*, that it is next to impossible for a stranger to know anything of their true dispositions by conversing with them, and even the very features are so exactly regulated that physiognomy, which may sometimes be trusted among the vulgar, is, with the polite, a most lying science.

A very termagant woman, if she happens also to be a very artful one, will be conscious she has so much to conceal, that the dread of betraying her real temper will make her put on an overacted softness, which, from its very excess, may be distinguished from the natural by a penetrating eye. That gentleness is ever liable to be suspected for the counterfeited, which is so excessive as to deprive people of the proper use of speech and motion, or which, as Hamlet says, makes them lisp and amble and nickname God's creatures.

These uniformly smiling and approving ladies, who have neither the noble courage to reprehend vice nor the generous warmth to bear their honest testimony in the cause of virtue, conclude every one to be ill-natured who has any penetration, and look upon a distinguishing judgment as want of tenderness. Meekness, like most other virtues, has certain limits, which

it no sooner exceeds than it becomes criminal. Servility of spirit is not gentleness, but weakness, and if indulged under the specious appearances it sometimes puts on, will lead to the most dangerous compliances. She who hears innocence maligned without vindicating it, falsehood asserted without contradicting it, or religion profaned without resenting it, is not gentle, but wicked.

It is a singular fact that when we reach middle life and look back, it is not the beautiful, nor the brilliant, nor the famous people whom we have known, that we remember with the keenest regret, but some simple, sincere, "pleasant" soul, whom we treated as an everyday matter while she was with us.

Go into a family, or a social circle, or even into a ball-room, and the woman who has the most friends there, as a rule, is not the belle, nor the wit, nor the heiress, nor the beauty, but some homely, charming little body, whose fine tact and warm heart never allow her to say a wrong word in a wrong place.

The "pleasant women" are the attraction that everywhere holds society and homes together. Any woman, however poor or ugly, may be one of them; but she must first be candid, honorable, unselfish and loving. If she is these, the world will be better and happier for every day of her life.

The life of a woman can never be seen in its outward form, much less in its inner. But the best preparation for both is the careful preparation of womanliness—her natural inheritance. The word is indefinable. It is seen in the weakness, the need to lean

upon, to trust, to confide, to reverence, and to serve, as much as it is seen in the strength that enables her to endure, to protect, to defend, and to support. We find it in the plasticity that gives such marvelous power of adaptation, as well as in the firmness that yields only to duty; in the gentleness that wins, and in the self-devotion that overcomes.

No trait of character is more valuable in a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition. It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in a wife and mother you observe kindness and love predominate over the bad feelings of a natural heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

A recent writer, after describing the qualities which ought to characterize a woman's nature, says, "One might almost fear, seeing how the women of to-day are lightly stirred up to run after some new fashion of faith or of works, that heaven is not so near to them as it was to their mothers and grandmothers; that religion

is a feebler power with them; that their hearts are empty of all secure trust and high faith in the beneficence of God's ordinations." The writer is herself a woman.

Pericles says: "I shall advise you in a few words; aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of, one way or the other. Besides those important qualities, common to both, each sex has its respective, appropriated qualifications, which would cease to be meritorious if possessed alike and in common.

"Nature, propriety and custom, have prescribed certain bounds, to each; bounds which the prudent and the candid will never attempt to break down; as indeed it would be highly impolitic to annihilate distinctions from which each acquires excellence, and to attempt innovations by which both would be losers."

It is not lack of intellect on the part of women, but difference of intellect, or rather a difference of organization and affinities, giving a different bias to the intellect, which is the cause of their distinct mental character as a sex.

Woman is not inferior to man, but holds a somewhat different sphere. She should not seek to be his tyrant, or consent to be his slave. Her throne is the heart. Her empire the family with its far-reaching relationship. As daughter, wife, sister, mother, she needs an education as high and broad and varied as man's.

We quote the following on what to teach our daughters:

"Teach them self-reliance. Teach them to make bread; to make shirts, to foot up store bills, to wear thick, warm shoes. Teach them how to wash and iron clothes; how to make their own dresses. Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents. Teach them to cook a good meal of victuals. Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

"Teach them every day dry, hard, practical common sense. Teach them to say No, and mean it; or yes, and stick to it; to wear calico dresses and do it like queens. Give them a good, substantial common-school education. Teach them that a good, rosy romp is worth fifty consumptives. Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of their beaux. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room and the parlor; that the more one lives within his income the more he will save. To have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

"Teach them that the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poor-house. Rely on it that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after-life. Teach them that a good steady mechanic is worth a dozen loafers in broadcloth. Teach them the accomplishments, music, painting, drawing, if you have time and money to do it with."

The remark may perhaps be thought too strong, but I believe it is true, that next to religious influences a habit of study is the most probable preservative of

the virtue of young women. Knowledge is not as heretofore confined to the dull cloister or the gloomy college, but disseminated, to a certain degree, among both sexes, and almost all ranks. The only misfortune is that these opportunities do not seem to be so wisely improved, or turned to so good an account, as might be wished. Books of a pernicious, idle and frivolous sort are too much multiplied, and it is from the very redundancy of these that knowledge is so scarce.

She who dedicates a portion of her leisure to useful reading feels her mind in a constant progressive state of improvement, whilst the mind of a dissipated woman is continually losing ground. An active spirit rejoiceth, like the sun, to run his daily course, while indolence, like the dial of Ahaz, goes backwards.

It would be to the last degree presumptuous and absurd for a young woman to pretend to give the *ton* to the company; to interrupt the pleasure of others, and her own opportunity of improvement by talking when she ought to listen; or to introduce subjects out of the common road in order to show her own wit, or expose the want of it in others; but were the sex to be totally silent when any topic of literature happens to be discussed in their presence, conversation would lose much of its vivacity and society would be robbed of one of its most interesting charms.

The prevailing manners of an age depend more than we are aware, or are willing to allow, on the conduct of the women; this is one of the principal hinges on which the great machine of human society turns. Those who allow the influences which female

graces have in contributing to polish the manners of men, would do well to reflect how great an influence female morals must also have on their conduct.

A close behaviour is the fittest to receive virtue for its constant guest, because there, and there only, it can be secured. Proper reserves are the outworks, and must never be deserted by those who intend to keep the place; they keep off the possibilities not only of being taken, but of being attempted; and if a woman seeth danger, though at never so remote a distance, she is for that time to shorten her line of liberty. She who will allow herself to go to the utmost extent of everything that is lawful, is so very near going further, that those who lie at watch will begin to count upon her.

There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, sick-room, and all the precincts at home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home—the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her—the other a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. The right kind of education will modify both, and unite their good qualities.

It does not pay you, girls, to spend your days in running about, or poring over foolish stories, when the whole beautiful world lies before you. Such a course presisted in will find you at the threshold of

womanhood ignorant, purposeless, and weary of living —no resources left but idle gossip over the affairs of others, and weak complaints concerning your own.

Give your best sympathy. There is no greater human power than the tenderness of women. If you can minister to some one in sickness, lessen somebody's distress, or put a flower in some poor home, you have done a thing you will always be glad to think of. You will be remembered, and a woman asks no grander monument than to live in hearts.

Not far from my home was the plain cottage of an Irish woman and her only son—a brave young fellow dying of consumption contracted in the war. One day, on my visit to him, I carried him some lovely red roses. The next time I went the mother said: "He never let the roses go out of his hand, Miss. He held 'em when he died, and the last he ever said was, 'Give my blessin' to the young lady for bringin' the flowers.'" And the desolate mother buried them with him, as the most precious thing he possessed. The blessing of that poor Irish youth will always be a pleasant memory.

The remembrance of a tender word will last long after you are in your grave. A little ragged boot-black fell on the icy streets of Chicago one winter's day. A cheery young lady passing, said as she helped him up: "Did you hurt you?" His whole face beamed as, after her departure, he said to his companions: "I'd like to fall a dozen times, if I could have her speak to me like that."

Of all the virtues necessary to the completion of

the perfect woman, there is none to be more delicately implied and less ostentatiously vaunted than that of exquisite feeling or universal benevolence. If women fulfilled truly their divine errand there would be no need of reforming societies. It would not be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life.

Confucius tells us that, "to be able under all circumstances to practice five things constitutes perfect virtue; these five are gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness." Virtue is an angel; but she is a blind one, and must ask of Knowledge to show her the pathway that leads to her goal. Mere knowledge, on the other hand, like a Swiss mercenary, is ready to combat either in the ranks of sin or under the banners of righteousness,—ready to forge cannon-balls or to print New Testaments, to navigate a corsair's vessel or a missionary ship.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. Thoroughly sweet and full of loveliness are pure women. There was never anything so lovely in air, or on earth, or in all the green meadows. God has exalted and ennobled pure women, so that one may prize and honor them forevermore. The treasure of the world, with all rapture, lies in them. Tennyson declares that "Men at most differ as heaven and earth, but women, worst and best, as heaven and hell."

Nothing makes a woman more esteemed by the

opposite sex than chastity, whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides chastity, with its collateral attendants—truth, fidelity and constancy—gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

The woman who works in some honorable way to maintain herself loses none of the dignity or refinement of true womanhood, and is just as much, even more, an ornament to her sex than the woman whose days are passed in luxurious indolence and indulgence.

The honor of woman is badly guarded when it is guarded by keys and spies. No woman is virtuous who does not wish to be. Goldsmith declares that virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel. Modesty is to worth what shadows are in a painting; she gives to it strength and relief.

Irving has beautifully said: "There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity." No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.

The poet Shelley says of woman: "She is the most delightful of God's creatures—heaven's best gift, man's joy and pride in prosperity, man's support and comforter in affliction."

Hospitality.

It is for the children's sake, even more than for any one else's, that every home ought to make much of the offices of hospitality—ought to make more of them than our American homes are apt to. Guests are an essential feature in the full equipment of an ideal home life. The house in which they are a rarity is worse off than one which has no pictures, few books, or ill-cooked food.

Intercourse with guests, especially with such as are quite outside the circle of family cousins, can but broaden the horizon of the home thought and the range of home talk. Next to the benefits which come from travel, from mingling with people away from your home, in enlarging your views and widening your sympathies, you may safely count that which comes from intercourse in your own home with those who are away from theirs. There is something shriveling in the very atmosphere of the family which jogs around, day after day, in the small circle of its petty cares, familiar interests and monotonous employments, with no wider excursions into the large life of the world than idle gossip about the nearest neighbors. That is the forlornness and the disadvantage of life in sod houses on the frontier, or log cabins on the mountains.

Be the family ever so well off otherwise, it needs the frequent coming and going of guests, not only to lift table-talk out of the petty topics, but home man-

ners out of the rudeness into which it is so natural for family life to drift. It is not a little thing that the presence of a guest at the table checks so much comment upon the food, so much cross-firing between youngsters, so much slinking by older folks into the shell of their own meditations, while it introduces a wide range of fresh topics for family thought and conversation.

But "company" is expensive, it is said, and most of us middle-class Americans, who earn our livings in shops or offices, live a good deal nearer, anyhow, to the verge of our current income than prudent people ought to. That may be. The things that are most worth having generally cost something. But when we once decide that the duties of hospitality as well deserve to share in our outgoes as do newspapers, church expenses, and many pleasant and helpful things that we are not willing to spare, we shall find ways and means for them. Most people, though, make the mistake of going to needless expense in entertaining their visitors. It is a poor compliment to your guest to suppose that nothing else will give him so much pleasure as a profusion of things good to eat. Your delicious salads and flaky pastry are not worth the having in the dining-room, dear madam, if their preparation causes you to wear a weary face all the evening in the parlor.

Every one knows in his own case that it is vastly pleasanter to drop into the usual family life of the house, where he is a guest—to sit in the family room, to keep the family hours, to share in the ordinary

family fare—than to go about with an oppressive consciousness that everything has been joggled out of its course by his arrival.

I doubt if that man or woman is soundly converted and transformed into the image of Christ, who does not feel the heart swell with this virtue; and desire with all earnestness to "entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." What more beautiful and attractive sight does the world possess than a lovely Christian home, where this grace is a leading characteristic. Where the stranger, as well as the friend, is ever made welcome to the best the house affords, and no apologies made or needed, because it is not better or more profuse. Give the best that you have and with that give love, and good will, and cheerfulness, and even though the fare be plain, and the bed hard, and the rooms small and crowded, yet there will remain in the memory such a sweetness as will make one long to come again, and will convince all hearts that your invitation is sincere. Do not begrudge kindness and attention to your guests. Even though they are enemies, show them how you forgive them and thus lead them to forgive you. And do it all in the name of our Lord.

Poplicola's doors were opened on the outside, to save the people even the common civility of asking entrance; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where want itself was a powerful mediator.

In the charming picture of domestic peace given by an anonymous author of the fourteenth century, we

find that youths of the noblest houses used to serve at table when their fathers entertained their friends. There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. Hospitality to the better sort, and charity to the poor; two virtues that are never exercised so well as when they accompany each other. Hospitality sometimes degenerates into profuseness, and ends in madness and folly. Breaking through the chills of ceremony and selfishness, and thawing every heart into a flow.

What can there be more noble than the grace of hospitality. It has been a leading trait of character in all the good and great of all ages. The Bible enjoins it as one of the Christian virtues, and all the old patriarchs practiced it. Abraham entertained the three foot-sore and weary strangers, ministering to their comfort out of the goodness of his kind heart, and Lot besought them to turn aside and abide with him, not knowing that they were guardian angels sent to save him from destruction. Jesus would not suffer the multitude to depart, when with weary footsteps, they had gathered on the mountain side to listen to His blessed words. He entertained them from His royal bounty and then directed that the twelve baskets full should be gathered up, that other poor and needy might also receive the benefit.

Now a good dinner is an excellent thing. A really elegant dinner, well cooked, well served, with tasteful accompaniments of every kind, and with a moderate number of pleasant people to enjoy it, is a most de-

lightful thing. It is right that those who can afford it should give such, replete with "every delicacy of the season;" the best food, the most artistic and beautiful table arrangements, and in sufficient quantity to satisfy the guests. Sufficient time also should be allowed fairly to enjoy the meal; taking it leisurely, and seasoning it with that cheerful conversation which is said to help digestion. In truth there cannot be a pleasanter sight than an honest, honorable man, at the head of his own hospitable board, looking down two lines of happy-looking friends, whom he is sincerely glad to welcome, and, who are glad in return to give him, according to the stereotyped phrase," the pleasure of their company," which really is a pleasure, and without which the grandest banquets are weariness inexpressible. But the dinner should be subservient to the guests, not the guests to the dinner; and every meal, be it simple or splendid, is worthless altogether unless eaten, as a good Christian has it, "in gladness and singleness of heart."

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair, and not neglect old friends at the same time.

A good many years ago two young men, John and James, Boston boys both, were fellow-clerks on Kilby street, Boston. John went to Chicago in its muddy days, prospered, married, raised a family, and ere his head was gray became a well-to-do, substantial citizen, open-handed and open-hearted. James remained at home. He, too, prospered, married, raised

a family and became one of the "solid men of Boston." Now it fell out that when John's eldest son (they called him Jack) was twenty-one, he visited Boston, bearing a letter to his father's old friend, whom he found in a dingy Pearl street counting room, deep in *The Advertiser*. Jack presented the letter, and stood hat in hand, while the old gentleman read it twice. "So you are John's son?" said he. "You don't look a bit like your father." Then there was a pause, Jack still standing. "What brought you to Boston?" he asked.

"Well, sir," said Jack, "father thought I had better see his old home, and get a taste of salt air."

"Going to be here over Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"My pew is No. —, at Trinity. Hope to see you there. Glad to have met you." And here the interview ended.

Now it chanced that, not long after, James' son, roving through the West, reached Chicago. He remembered his father's friend by name, and hunted him up in his office.

"Well, my son?" said a pleasant voice before he had closed the door.

"My name is James ——, sir, and I thought—"

"Why! You don't mean to say—. Of course you are. I might have known it. Where's your baggage?"

"At the hotel, sir."

"At the hotel! We'll go and get it, and take it right up to the house," answered the genial old gen-

tleman, closing his desk with a vigorous slam. "We'll go right up now. There's plenty of time for a drive this afternoon. This evening you can spend in company with my girls, and to-morrow you and I will take a run out on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road, and have a look at the country. Then I want to take you out to the stockyards, and have a trip on the lake, and—"

"But, sir," broke in the overwhelmed young man, "I must go home to-morrow."

"Tut, tut, my boy, don't talk that way. You can't begin to see this city under a week, and you're going to stay that long, anyhow."

"Strangers!" Oh, it is a sacred word! Be kind to them. Their homes may be afar, their hearts may be broken, and a kind deed, a kind word to them may be like dew to a fainting flower, a flash of heavenly light into a dark chamber.

The cry "On to Richmond!" awakened no enthusiasm in the hearts of the Third Ohio one day when they found themselves en route as prisoners of war for that famous capital. Nor were they enthusiastic when they halted for the night and prepared to sink supperless into dreamland.

The Fifty-fourth Virginia regiment was encamped near by, and some of the men came down to have a look at the Yanks.

"Had your coffee?" asked one, of a blue coat stretched disconsolately on the bank.

"Not a sup," answered the other.

"Ain't you had any rations to-night?"

"Only a crumb or two from the bottom of our haversacks."

This was told to the boys of the Fifty-fourth, and old Virginia hospitality showed itself at once. The men soon made their appearance with coffee-kettles, corn-bread and bacon, the best they had. In a few minutes the coffee was steaming, the bacon cooked, and prisoners and captors sat down together around the camp-fire, "like kinsmen true and brothers tried." The hungry, grateful Yankees ate with a relish such as no one can appreciate unless he has been in a like situation.

No wonder there was a warm spot in every heart of the Third Ohio ever after for the generous Fifty-fourth.

A fresh slide in the magic lantern gives another of these shifting war pictures. In the distance is Mission Ridge, which has just been stormed. That long line of prisoners passing over the pontoon bridge and up the stony mountain road is the Fifty-fourth Virginia. A soldier on duty at Kelly's Ferry asked indifferently of one of the prisoners as the regiment passed:

"What regiment is this?"

"The Fifty-fourth Virginia," was the reply.

In an instant the loungers sprang to their feet and rushed to camp. "The Fifty-fourth Virginia is at the ferry," they shouted as they ran in and out among the tents of the Third Ohio.

The Ohio boys were quickly in motion. Boxes from home and all reserve stores were speedily ransacked. Coffee and sugar, beef and canned peaches

and the best they had of everything were freely brought forth. They remembered gratefully their debt of honor, and paid it nobly. It was the same old scene over, with the shading reversed. For one night at least both Confederates and Yankees enjoyed again the sweet grace of hospitality that could bring a smile even to the grim visage of war.

DOMESTIC TIES.

WELL might the mind be haunted, age after age with a social ideal never yet realized! Life, a sacred thing. Every child a divine promise. Every family beginning the race anew from a higher point. Brothers and sisters ministering angels to each other's purity and beneficence. Every addition a new element of happiness. Education the rearing of a living temple. Conjugal love a central fountain in warm, fragrant, perpetual play. The father, the representative of God; feeding them, as a prophet, with more than angel's food; as a priest, standing at the portico of the temple to guard it from pollution, or ministering at its holy altar, and finding his spirit purified and refreshed by the service; swaying like a king, a divine scepter, and tasting the Godlike blessedness of seeing his subjects find happiness and freedom in obedience.

We speak of philosophers who "Look through Nature up to Nature's God." And shall it not be so that our children can look through us up to the God

and Father of us all? Care not for the Babel towers of Shinar that cannot even touch the clouds, when at your own lowly thresholds are waiting chariots of fire to bear you beyond the firmament. Astronomers tell us of certain double stars that revolve about a common center, and in some way are necessary to each other. So, in the family life, there is a common center of interest and responsibility, affection and duty; they are two, yet one, and each is necessary to the other.

Husbands should try to make home happy and holy. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, a bad man who makes his home wretched. Our house ought to be a little church, with holiness to the Lord over the door, but it ought never to be a prison, where there is plenty of rule and order, but little love and no pleasure. Married life is not all sugar, but grace in the heart will keep away most of the sours. Godliness and love can make a man like a bird in a hedge, sing among thorns and briers, and set others a singing too. It should be the husband's pleasure to please his wife, and the wife's care to care for her husband. He is kind to himself who is kind to his wife. I am afraid some men live by the rule of self, and when that is the case home happiness is a mere sham. When husbands and wives are well yoked, how light their load becomes! It is not every couple that is a pair, and the more's the pity. In a true home all the strife is which can do the most to make the family happy. A home should be a Bethel, not Babel.

The husband should be the house-band, binding all together like a corner-stone, but not crushing every-

thing like a millstone. Unkind and domineering husbands ought not to pretend to be Christians, for they act clean contrary to Christ's demands. Yet a home must be well ordered, or it will become a Bedlam, and be a scandal to the village. If the father drops the reins, the family-coach will soon be in the ditch. A wise mixture of love and firmness will do it; but neither harshness not softness alone will keep home in happy order. Home is no home where the children are not in obedience; it is rather a pain than a pleasure to be in it. Happy is he who is happy in his children, and happy are the children who are happy in their father. All fathers are not wise. Some are like Eli, and spoil their children. Not to cross our children is the way to make a cross of them. Those who never give their children the rod must not wonder if their children become a rod to them.

Solomon says, "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight to thy soul." I am not clear that anybody wiser than Solomon lives in our time, though some think they are. Young colts must be broken in, or they will make wild horses. Some fathers are all fire and fury, filled with passion at the smallest fault; this is worse than the other, and makes home a little hell instead of a heaven. No wind makes the miller idle, but too much upsets the mill altogether. Men who strike in their anger generally miss their mark. When God helps us to hold the reins firmly, but not to hurt the horses' mouths, all goes well. When home is ruled according to God's word, angels might be asked to stay a night with us,

and they would not find themselves out of their element.

It is better to keep children to their duty by a sense of honor and by kindness, than by fear and punishment.

A friend gave us the other day a startling illustration of the disastrous influence on the mind of a susceptible boy of an angry and unjust epithet cast upon him by an excited father. The boy had committed some rather serious misdemeanor, and the father became enraged. He was a tall, large, fine-looking man, and summoned the boy to see him. But the father lost possession of himself, and called his son an atrocious name. The boy turned pale. The epithet sank into his heart like lead, and now that he is a man and widely respected, he has been heard to say that from that moment he has known no such thing as love to his father. Before that he had been one of the most affectionate of boys, and has often tried to reason himself into his earlier love for his father; but it has gone, and he cannot bring it back. The lesson of this fact is too plain and pungent to need naming.

"Stint yourself," says Charles Buxton, "as you think good, in other things; but don't scruple freedom in brightening home. Gay furniture and a brilliant garden are a sight day by day, and make life blither."

If foreign parents are to be blamed for the "arranged" or compelled marriages, which we so strongly condemn, I think we are also to blame when we stand in the way of our children's happiness, or tacitly let it slip by, giving them no opportunity of

making a rational choice in marriage. Surely it is the bounden duty of wise elders not to ignore nature, but to accept the inevitable cares of "pairing-time," when the young birds, fully fledged, will desire to leave the nest, however soft it is made; when that over-powering instinct before which the warmest filial love sinks cold and colorless will assert itself, aye and guide itself, too; unless we have strength and self-denial—ah, no end to parental self-denial!—to forget our personal pain, and, throwing ourselves heartily into the young folks' place, succeed in guiding it a little, also.

At best, this love-season is a sad one, since few love affairs are perfectly smooth and happy, and to see our children suffer is sharper than to suffer ourselves; especially when we can no longer help them. While they are babies, there is a certain omnipotence about parenthood; but when the time comes that the child's unfailing shelter is no longer the mother's heart, when the father's strong right arm of guidance and protection sinks absolutely powerless—then things grow hard.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God.

Men who drive their wives from their homes by drunkenness and unkindness, or downright cruelty, generally render a return and reconciliation impossible by casting reproach upon them, and by using opprobrious epithets concerning them. Many a wretch who

never owned a decent bed nor furnished respectable board for the patient woman who toiled for him, has advertised his wife as at least a doubtful character, who had left them both "without cause or provocation;" and forbids the world "to trust her on his account," albeit he has no credit anywhere.

The Kennebec "JOURNAL," published at Augusta, Maine, gives an account of a husband who was more just towards his wife, whom he had driven away, and who was rewarded for his truthfulness and candor perhaps beyond his just deserts. "In 1831 Jacob Flagg of this city, an intemperate man, had a most excellent wife, who, tired of her repeated failures in the line of reformation, finally left him. Flagg advertised her thus: 'Left my bed and board—one of the best of wives. Whoever will give information as to where I may find her, shall be suitably rewarded and all expenses paid.' It is fair to say the good wife returned, the husband reformed and the couple lived together happily for years."

An eminent public man who shall be nameless—a man of great intellectual power, of real goodness of heart at bottom, but sadly broken and demoralized by a long-continued course of wrong-living and much wrong-doing—was once told by a boon companion how a certain other public man had been abusing him.

"Never mind," said our eminent friend, whose soul was really above the level of petty scandal and malice. "The fellow is only a dirty blackguard and I care not to know what he says of me."

"But, my dear sir, if he is allowed to go on in that

way, he will ruin your character, he will destroy your credit, perhaps injure your prospects for the future."

"Tut, tut! My character—what there is of it—is too tough for such a man to injure it; my credit is a phantom, at best; and as for my prospects in the future, I doubt if he can make them more dubious than they now are."

"Well," persisted the friend, after a little pause, "how do you like the idea of his making free with the name of your wife?"

The man was aroused on the instant.

"He! Does he dare?"

"Yes. He declares that your wife is altogether too good for you."

"What? Does he say that?"

"Yes, he has said it repeatedly."

"Well, well—there's something good in the fellow, after all. Bless him for the truth he tells—for, my dear fellow, that is true—as true as the gospel."

The great man sat for many minutes with his head bowed down upon his hand, and when he next looked up, his face had grown wondrously soft and pathetic.

"Yes—he told the truth! I think I'll go home and have a chat with that woman. Who knows but that she may help me?—Zounds! I have not thought of her. Bless the rascal for reminding me! Yes, sir! He told the truth there!"

And the worker for the nation—the politician, weak and weary—set forth to find the one being of earth in whom, when all else should have failed him, he felt he could trust.

"How *do* you manage him!" This is the question that we heard asked of one of "the dearest and best" of wives, who was conspicuously happy in her domestic relations. "Ah!" she said, with a merry twinkle in her soft eyes, "the best way to manage a husband is not to manage him." We were struck with the subtle wisdom of the seeming paradox.

There should be but one will with a married couple who are truly mated, and that should be the will of—both. To those who know the sweet authority of love, this will not seem like another paradox. We have known couples—not so many as we could wish—both of whom could truthfully say, after a dozen or twenty years' walking of the long path together, that they had had their own way, because the necessary mutual yielding had been done so cheerfully and so wholly that but the one way remained.

Some of the more direct methods of managing husbands may be mentioned, if it can be done without getting preachy. "Keep him in love with you," is the first injunction to a wife who asks such a question. When that can be done, all the rest follows. How it can be done we do not know; you ought to, if you know what he loved you for in the first place. We do not mean simply faithful and provident and kind, but *loving*, with all the world of meaning which that very word of God contains. It cannot always be done, for many men are selfish, sensual, devilish, and more yet are careless and unstable. But the good and true men who love their wives are easily manageable in all reasonable directions.

PHILANTHROPY.

PHILANTHROPY is a duty. He who frequently practices it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good. When, therefore, it is said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," it is not meant thou shalt love him first, and do him good in consequence of that love, but, thou shalt do good to thy neighbor, and this thy beneficence will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the fullness and consummation of the inclination to do good.

It is an old saying that charity begins at home, but this is no reason it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.

The conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem, but it is the benevolent man who wins our affections.

"The great men of the world," says one, "are the shadowy men, who, having lived and died, now live again and forever, through their undying thoughts;" and he might have added, through their undying example. For though their voices shall no more audibly speak, the tones of their example will still be heard, louder than thunders, and more unceasingly than the flow of the tides or the winds of heaven, so that their

true life will still be felt for good long after they have lapsed to the unseen world! So it is that Moses still lives as the law-giver of the world, and Luther as the noble defender of the faith to the end of time, and that Washington and Lincoln and Garfield still live for their country, and that every faithful Christian will live, and his power be felt for good, long after he has left these scenes of time and sense forever!

That sixpence thrown to a mendicant, only to be converted into gin or beer, that five pounds lent to a needy acquaintance, who always has been needy and always will be, because he has not the slightest sense of the value of money, nor the least conscience in obtaining it or spending it, these, with a hundred similar cases, are specimens of what I call the crime of benevolence. The donors err, not only in what they do, but in what they leave undone. They may be benevolent in vague intention, but of true philanthropy they have not the slightest idea.

Benevolence consists in mere kind feeling; doing good certainly sometimes, but in a vague and careless way, and more for its own pleasure than for another's benefit; giving, because to give is agreeable, but taking little pains to ascertain what has been the result of the gift. The donor has done his part, and that is enough. It may be another heresy, but I am afraid the reason that our charitable institutions are so numerous, and our subscription-lists so easy to fill up, is because, of all modes of benevolence, giving of money is the one which involves least trouble.

But philanthropy costs trouble. It requires in the

individual some rather rare qualities; powers of administration and patient investigation; clear judgment and capacity for work; a kind heart and a cool head—aye, and a hard head too. The power of saying No, and the will to say it, with a steady, strong, unvarying justice, are as necessary as quick sympathy and ready help.

There is nothing that requires so strict an economy as our philanthropy. We should husband our means as the agriculturist does his manure, which if he spread over too large a surface produces no crop, if over too small a one, exuberates in rankness and in weeds, or burns up vegetation altogether.

One who often speaks wisely, says: "Riches fly—clip their wings and give the orphans the feathers." There is no use of money equal to that of beneficence; here the enjoyment grows on reflection.

Among all the schemes devised for doing good none are more worthy of support than those which seek during the summer time to place poor little city children for a few weeks in happy homes in the country. During the second week in August, 1879, over four hundred children under five years of age died in the city of New York alone. What a vast sacrifice of life; what a source of sorrow! Far worse than the yellow fever in Memphis.

The name of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry will ever be held in veneration as the prisoners' friend, next to that of Howard. She was born May 21, 1780, and died October 13, 1845. The source of her usefulness may be learned from her words, spoken to a friend during her last illness: "Since my heart was touched at

seventeen years of age, I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being, 'how I might best serve my Lord.'" In 1818, a year and a half after her first visit to Newgate, order and prosperity prevailed within those walls. The "wild beasts" were harmless, kind and always industrious. The prison had become a marvel of industry and propriety; the lord mayor, sheriff, and aldermen of London, came to witness the miracle; and statesmen, scholars, highborn lords and ladies, and travelers from far and near, flocked to see the change.

A beneficent person, like a fountain, waters the earth and spreads fertility. It is more delightful and more honorable to give than to receive. It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will help many that are not so. A physician is not angry at the intemperance of a mad patient, nor does he take it ill to be railed at by a man in a fever. Just so should a wise man treat all mankind, as a physician does his patient, and look upon them only as sick and extravagant. Shall we repine at a little misplaced charity, we who could no way foresee the effect,—when an all-knowing, all-wise Being showers down every day His benefits on the unthankful and undeserving?

There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to his creatures.

Marriage Vows.

No system of philosophy has ever yet worked out in behalf of woman the practical results for her good which Christianity has conferred on her. Christianity has raised woman from slavery, and made her the thoughtful companion of man; it finds her the mere toy or the victim of his passions, and it places her by his side, his truest friend, his most faithful counsellor, his helpmeet in every worthy and honorable task. It protects her far more effectually than any other system. It cultivates, elevates, strengthens, purifies all her highest endowments, and holds out to her aspirations the most sublime for that future state of existence where precious rewards are promised to every faithful discharge of duty, even the most humble. But while conferring on her these priceless blessings, it also enjoins the submission of the wife to the husband, and allots a subordinate position to the whole sex while here on earth.

There must of necessity, in such a state of things, be certain duties inalienably connected with the position of man; others inalienably connected with the position of woman. For the one to assume the duties of the other becomes, first, an act of desertion, next, an act of usurpation. For the man to discharge worthily the duties of his own position becomes his highest merit. For the woman to discharge worthily the duties of her own position becomes her highest merit.

To be noble, the man must be manly; to be noble, the woman must be womanly. Independently of the virtues required equally of both sexes, such as truth, uprightness, candor, fidelity, honor, we look in man for somewhat more of wisdom, of vigor, of courage, from natural endowment combined with enlarged action and experience; in woman we look more especially for greater purity, modesty, patience, grace, sweetness, tenderness, refinement, as the consequences of a finer organization in a protected and sheltered position. That state of society will always be the most rational, the soundest, the happiest, where each sex conscientiously discharges its own duties without intruding on those of the other. The two make up but one species, one body politic and religious. There are many senses besides marriage in which the two are one. It is the right hand and the left, both belonging to one body, moved by common feeling, guided by common reason. The left hand may at times be required to do the work of the right, the right to act as the left. Even in this world there are occasions when the last are first and the first last, without disturbing the general order of things. The exceptional cases temper the general rule, but they cannot abrogate that rule as regards the entire sex. Man learns from them not to exaggerate his superiority—a lesson very often needed. And woman learns from them to connect self-respect and dignity with true humility, and never, under any circumstances, to sink into the mere tool and toy of man—a lesson equally important.

Any revolution aiming at upsetting the existing

relations of the sexes—relations going back to the earliest records and traditions of the race—cannot be called less than formidable and dangerous.

There is a creed abroad that a young man is better alone, free from all incumbrance of wife or children; but in the old times it was not so. Then children were esteemed "a heritage and gift that cometh from the Lord;" now, selfish luxury, worldliness and the love of outward show have brought our young men—ay, and some women too—to such a pass that they feel, nay, openly declare, every child born to them is a new enemy; and marriage, instead of being "honorable" to all, is a folly, a delusion, or a dread. Why is this? And is it the men's fault, or the women's? Both, perhaps; yet I think chiefly the women's. Feeble, useless, half-educated; taught to believe that ignorance is amusing and helplessness attractive; no wonder the other sex shrinks from taking upon itself, not a help, but a burden—charming enough before marriage—but after? The very man who at first exulted in his beautiful, ornamental wife, his sweet, humble Circassian slave, will by-and-by be the first to turn around and scorn her.

Marriage is a divine institution. It is founded on the nature of man as constituted by God. He made man male and female, and ordained marriage as the indispensable condition of the continuance of the race. Marriage was instituted before the existence of civil society, and, therefore, cannot in its essential nature be a civil institution. We cannot exaggerate the importance to society of entertaining sound views of the sanctity of marriage, for the more nearly we realize

the divine idea of marriage, the more nearly will we approach to the Edenic purity and happiness of the human race.

Injudicious marriages are causing much unhappiness in the world. In the first place as to the social position of the parties: while we are no great stickler for social position, yet it is necessary that some attention should be paid to it. While it is not very important with a man, it is with a woman. A husband takes his wife into his own social position, whether it is to lift her up or drag her down to it. The woman who marries beneath her is apt to cut herself off from the old associations of friends and family. She will be made to feel very bitterly; and in many instances the result is that, seeing her friends and family looking down upon her husband, she comes finally to recognize his inferiority and to regard him with disgust. God intended that a wife should look up to her husband with a trustful and affectionate respect, and not to look down upon him as her inferior. Such marriages are not fortunate.

The sweetheart relation should be guarded very carefully, because when once formed there is such a glamour upon the eyes that they cannot see things as they are. After marriage it is too late. It is a difficult thing for the young lady to believe that the young man of her choice has bad habits. If any one has the frankness to tell her of them, she either thinks there is some mistake about it, or that her informant is actuated by malicious motives or that her betrothed will now lay them aside. Some heroic maidens say:

"Well, I will marry him despite his bad habits. I will marry him and reform him." There may be a few such cases of reformation, but nine cases out of ten the man goes to the dogs, and takes the devoted young woman along with him. If she had known at the outset the style of man he was, she would not have suffered her heart to become interested in him; but afterwards she has not the moral strength to conquer her attachment.

But vicious habits are not the only ones that wreck the happiness of married life. There may be a bad temper, there may be untruthfulness and insincerity, there may be coarseness, there may be habits which are not domestic, there may be an arbitrary and tyrannical disposition. If young ladies were a little more guarded in coming into what we term the sweetheart relation, there would not be so many wives with crushed spirits and broken hearts.

Marriage is, of all earthly unions, almost the only one permitting of no change but that of death. It is that engagement in which man exerts his most awful and solemn power—the power of responsibility which belongs to him as one that shall give account—the power of abnegating the right to change—the power of parting with his freedom—the power of doing that which in this world can never be reversed. And yet it is perhaps that relationship which is spoken of most frivolously and entered into most carelessly and most wantonly. It is not a union merely between two creatures, it is a union between two spirits; and the intention of that bond is to perfect the nature of both by

supplementing their deficiencies with the force of contrast, giving to each sex those excellencies in which it is naturally deficient; to the one strength of character and firmness of moral will, to the other sympathy, meekness, tenderness. And just so solemn, and just so glorious as these ends are for which the union was contemplated and intended, just so terrible are the consequences if it be perverted and abused; for there is no earthly relationship which has so much power to ennoble and to exalt.

"The married man," says Feltham, "is like the bee that fixes his hive, augments the world, benefits the republic, and by daily diligence, without wronging any, profits all; but he who contemns wedlock, like a wasp wanders an offense to the world, lives upon spoil and rapine, disturbs peace, steals sweets that are none of its own, and, by robbing the hives of others, meets misery as his due reward."

"Hast thou a soft heart? It is of God's breaking. Hast thou a sweet wife? She is of God's making. The Hebrews have a saying, 'He is not a man that hath not a woman.' Though man alone may be good, yet it is not good that man should be alone. 'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.' A wife, though she be not a perfect gift, is a good gift, a beam darted from the Sun of mercy. How happy are those marriages where Christ is at the wedding! Let none but those who have found favor in God's eyes find favor in yours. Husbands should spread a mantle of charity over their wives' infirmities. Do not put out the candle because of the snuff. Husbands and wives

should provoke one another to love, and they should love one another notwithstanding provocations. The tree of love should grow up in the midst of the family as the tree of life grew in the garden of Eden. Good servants are a great blessing; good children a greater blessing; but a good wife is the greatest blessing; and such a helpmeet let him seek for that wants one; let him sigh for her that hath lost one; let him delight in her that enjoys one."

Conjugal Fidelity.

"Thrice happy they, and more than that,
Whom band of love so firmly ties,
That without brawls till death them part,
'Tis undissolved and never dies."

One may venture to affirm, that with all their profligate ideas, both of women and religion, neither Bolingbrake, Wharton, Buckingham, Lord Chesterfield, nor even Aaron Burr would have esteemed a woman the more for her being irreligious. For with whatever ridicule a polite free-thinker may effect to treat religion himself, he will think it necessary that his wife should entertain different notions of it. He may pretend to despise it as a matter of opinion, depending on creeds and systems; but if he is a man of sense he will know the value of it, as a governing principle, which is to influence her conduct and direct her actions. If he sees her unaffectedly sincere in the practice of her religious duties, it will be a secret

pledge to him, that she will be equally exact in fulfilling the conjugal; for he can have no reasonable dependence on her attachment to him, if he has no opinion of her fidelity to God. She who neglects first duties gives but an indefinite proof of her disposition to fill up inferior ones, and how can a man of any understanding (whatever his own religious professions may be) trust that woman with the care of his family, and the education of his children, who herself wants the best incentive to a virtuous life, the belief that she is an accountable creature, and the reflection that she has an immortal soul?

The author of "Sermons out of Church" gives sensible advice in the following words: "I say distinctly, wives, obey your husbands, as children, your parents —in the Lord. But only in the Lord. Yield as much as possible in ordinary things; conquer your tempers, modify your tastes; give up everything, in short, that is not a compromise of principle. When it comes to that, resist! Whatever they may be to you, and how great soever your love for them, resist them. Never allow either father, husband, brother, son, to stand between you and the clear law of right and wrong in your own soul, which the God who made you has put there. If you do, you fall into that sin of which I speak, and will assuredly, soon or late, earn its bitter wages."

The man's desire is for the woman; but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man. A good wife is like the ivy which beautifies the building to which it clings, twining its

tendrils more lovingly as time converts the ancient edifice into a ruin. Hannah More says: "Absence in love is like water upon fire; a little quickens, but much extinguishes it."

The love of some men for their wives is like that of Alfieri for his horse. "My attachment for him," said he, "went so far as to destroy my peace every time that he had the least ailment, but my love for him did not prevent me from fretting and chafing him whenever he did not wish to go my way."

The Bible gives us infallible rules upon this matter: "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh." "Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What, therefore, God has joined together, let no man put asunder." "So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself."

Have you ever seen the young red foxes mating? They stare upon each other with wide-open eyes for some minutes, and then lie down side by side in the shade of the rock, with eyes half closed, as if perfectly content. Keep your eyes well open upon each other's faults while you are in the period of courtship; but when you are married let your eyes be partly closed in charity, forbearing with and in love helping to remove your mutual failings.

I wonder whether the subtle measuring of forces will ever come to measuring the force there is in one beautiful woman whose mind is as noble as her face is

beautiful—who makes a man's passion for her rush in one current with all the great aims of his life!

O woman! thou knowest the hour when the good-man of the house will return, when the heat and burden of the day are past. Do not let him at such time, when he is weary with toil and jaded with discouragement, find upon his coming to his habitation that the foot which should hasten to meet him is wandering at a distance, that the soft hand which should wipe the sweat from his brow is knocking at the door of other houses.

Theodore Parker wrote: "Young people marry their opposites in temperament and general character and such marriages are generally good ones. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, 'My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over-vehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat dullness and reserve.' When these opposites come together to be wed they do not know it, but each think the other just like themselves."

Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey these opposites will fall out a great many times, and charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to, and the road they will go by, and both be reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with

what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and if there be real generosity and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself.

A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and then only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment.

Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage, that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season. But a real, happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that, if the sun were as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

One of the quaintest old books that you may find in many a day is Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," but we take a few thoughts from it, that are pleasing, both in their quaintness and suggestiveness.

As Seneca lived with his Paulina, Abraham and Sarah, Orpheus and Euridyce, Rubenius Celer, that would needs have it engraven on his tomb he had led his life with Ennea, his dear wife, forty-three years eight months, and never fell out. There is no pleasure in this world comparable to it, as one holds, there's something in a woman beyond all human delight; a magnetic virtue, a charming quality, an occult and

powerful motive. The husband rules her as head, but she again commands his heart, he is her servant, she is only joy and content; no happiness is like unto it, no love so great as this of man and wife, no such comfort as a sweet wife. When they love at last as fresh as they did at first, as Homer brings Paris kissing Helen, after they had been married ten years, protesting withal that he loved her as dear as he did the first hour that he was betrothed. And in their old age, when they made much of one another, saying, as he did to his wife in the poet,

> "Dear wife, let's live in love, and die together,
> As hitherto we have in all good will:
> Let no day change or alter our affections,
> But let's be young to one another still."

Such should conjugal love be, still the same, and as they are one flesh, so should they be of one mind, as in an aristocratical government, one consent, Geyron-like, have one heart in two bodies, will and will the same. A good wife, according to Plutarch, should be as a looking-glass to represent her husband's face and passion; if he be pleasant, she should be merry; if he laugh, she should smile; if he look sad, she should participate of his sorrow and bear a part with him, and so should they continue in mutual love one towards another.

> "No age shall part my love from thee, sweet wife,
> Though I live Nestor or Tithonus' life."

And she again to him, as the bride saluted the bridegroom of old in Rome: "Be thou still Caius, I'll be Caia."

The Hearth-Stone.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows.

Ah, boys! you who have gone out from the old homesteads into the rush and bustle of life, do you ever think of the patient mothers who are stretching out to you arms that are powerless to draw you back to the old home nest? Arms that were strong to carry you once, pressed to hearts that love you now as then.

No matter though your hair is "silver-streaked," and Dot in the cradle calls you "Grandpa," you are only "the boys" so long as mother lives. You are the children of the old home. Nothing can crowd you out of mother's heart. You may have failed in the battle of life, and your manhood may have been crushed out against the wall of circumstances, you may have been prosperous, and gained wealth and fame, but mother's love has followed you always. Many a "boy" has not been home for five, ten, or twenty years. And all this time mother has been waiting. Ah, who does not know the agony expressed by that word? She may be even now saying, "I dreampt of John last night. Maybe he will come to-day. He may drop in for dinner;" and the poor trembling hands prepare some favorite dish for him. Dinner comes and goes, but John comes not with it. Thus, day after day, month after month, and year after year passes, till at last "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," ay, sick

unto death,—the feeble arms are stretched out no longer.

The dim eyes are closed, the gray hairs are smoothed for the last time, and the tired hands are folded to everlasting rest, and the mother waits no more on earth for one who comes not. God grant she may not have to wait vainly for his coming in heaven. Once more I say to you, boys, go home, if only for a day. Let mother know you have not forgotten her. Her days may be numbered. "Next winter" may cover her grave with snow.

A home is the place where character is formed, where education goes on, and where people are impressed for time and for eternity. It is a place to be happy in, and to start out from, for all good, honest, and earnest living. Very great is her responsibility who is queen of this kingdom. To a very great extent she makes or mars its completeness.

In a home there should be liberty without license, time for family intercourse, and space for personal solitude, room for the entertainment of guests, and the maintenance of social life; over all, a tender, trustful, daily atmosphere of true devotion and communing with God.

Let nobody who is a housekeeper fear to magnify her office. It is a sacred one, and if she perform its duties faithfully, she is worthy of no stinted praise.

Of course young people ought to marry early, and build up a home together. The idea that a man must be wealthy before he weds fills the community with fortune-seeking bachelors and unhappy spinsters; it

endangers virtue, destroys the true economy and design and the beneficent intentions of the home. It promotes vice, idleness, inefficiency and imbecility among women, who seem, from an unsympathetic outset thenceforward, to expect to be taken up by fortune and passively sustained, and without any concern on their part. It is thus that a man finds it difficult to obtain a helpmeet. However large you make the circle of a woman's life, home ought to be its center.

A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor with them; they are wretched alone in what is called single blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married; they are like Tompkins' dog, which could not bear to be loose and howled when it was tied up. Happy bachelors are likely to be happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carry the cluster of Eschol. They are a brace of birds of paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them. This is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together, and when it drags a little heavily, or there is a hitch anywhere, they love each other so much the more; and so lighten the labor.

THE TRUE WIFE.

Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy; the salt of his life.—*Michelet.*

THE heart of a man, with whom affection is not a name, and love a mere passion of the hour, yearns towards the quiet of a home, as towards the goal of his earthly joy and hope. And as you fasten there your thought, an indulgent yet dreamy fancy paints the loved image that is to adorn it, and to make it sacred.

She is there to bid you God-speed! and an adieu, that hangs like music on your ear, as you go out to the every-day labor of life. At evening she is there to greet you, as you come back wearied with a day's toil; and her look, so full of gladness, cheats you of your fatigue; and she steals her arm around you, with a soul of welcome, that beams like sunshine on her brow and that fills your eye with tears of a twin gratitude—to her, and heaven.

She is not unmindful of those old-fashioned virtues of cleanliness and of order, which give an air of quiet, and which secure content. Your wants are all anticipated; the fire is burning brightly; the clean hearth flashes under the joyous blaze; the old elbow-chair is in its place. Your very unworthiness of all this haunts you like an accusing spirit, and yet penetrates your heart with a new devotion towards the loved one who is thus watchful of your comfort.

She is gentle; keeping your love as she has won

it, by a thousand nameless and modest virtues, which radiate from her whole life and action. She steals upon your affections like a summer wind breathing softly over sleeping valleys. She gains a mastery over your sterner nature by very contrast, and wins you unwittingly to her lightest wish. And yet her wishes are guided by that delicate tact, which avoids conflict with your manly pride; she subdues, by seeming to yield. By a single, soft word of appeal, she robs your vexation of its anger; and with a slight touch of that fair hand, and one pleading look of that earnest eye, she disarms your sternest pride.

She is kind;—shedding her kindness as Heaven sheds dew. Who indeed could doubt it?—least of all, you who are living on her kindness day by day, as flowers live on light? There is none of that officious parade which blunts the point of benevolence; but it tempers every action with a blessing.

She is good; her hopes live where the angels live. Her kindness and gentleness are sweetly tempered with that meekness and forbearance which are born of faith. Trust comes into her heart as rivers come to the sea. And in the dark hours of doubt and foreboding you rest fondly on her buoyant faith as the treasure of your common life; and in your holier musings you look to that frail hand and that gentle spirit to lead you away from the vanities of worldly ambition, to the fullness of that joy which the good inherit.

The true wife takes a sympathy in her husband's pursuits. She cheers him, encourages him, and helps

him. She enjoys his successes and his pleasures, and makes as little as possible over his vexations.

Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by an invisible tow line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her streamers drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on, stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the ship it would wallow and roll away, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the affluent tide, no man knows where; and so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay pennoned, who, but for the bare, toiling arm and brave, warm heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more.

A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does, are those which his wife coun-

sels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man, for the corners are rounded off—the little shoots pared away—in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

Great attention, and with good cause has been given to the "social evil," which it is declared is increasing with alarming rapidity. Perhaps we may discover one of the hidden, but, as I believe, a most potent cause, of this great destroyer of home life, in the deplorable ideas imbibed by our daughters, from social surroundings. Society teaches them that the greatest misfortune that can befall a wife is to be a mother. With this idea implanted and cultivated by sly inuendoes and slighting remarks, they enter the sacred condition of wives with the most profound aversion for that of mothers. Domestic disruption, alienated affections, blasted and blighted hopes, shattered health, and final damnation of soul, are results that only too surely follow.

The Crown of Honor.

Beyond death's cloudy portal
There is a land where beauty never dies,
Where love becomes immortal.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

That is the mother's recompense, to see children coming up useful in the world, reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the old family Bible whenever she reads it, and that will be ointment to soothe the aching limbs of decrepitude, and light up the closing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset!

There she sits, the old Christian mother, ripe for heaven. Her eye-sight is almost gone, but the splendors of the celestial city kindle up her vision. The gray light of heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home, too old to find her way to the house of God; but while she sits there, all the past comes back, and the children that forty years ago tripped around her arm-chair with their griefs, and joys, and sorrows—those children are gone now. Some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world, testing the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full

of peace; and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates of life shall lift and let in the worn-out pilgrim into eternal springtide and youth, where the limbs never ache, and the eyes never grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pilgrim shall become the palm of the immortal athlete.

There remains in the faces of women who are naturally serene and peaceful, and of those rendered so by religion, an after-spring, and, later, an after-summer, the reflex of their most beautiful bloom.

"Isn't Aunt Charity a darling old lady?" said one of Aunt Charity's nieces.

She was, indeed, a sunbeam. The strong, resolute, brave face, the white hair under the plain cap, the sweet, smiling mouth, were all winning. We could depend on the motherly woman who was so jolly, so full of fun and frolic, so ready to join in whatever mirth was afloat. Everybody came to her with their joys and their griefs, sure of sympathy. An hour with her was a tonic.

It is well for the old to be cheerful. They have much to depress them. Health is failing. Friends are passing away. Another generation is on the stage. Other hands take up the world's work. They feel, perhaps, with a bitter regret, that they are not needed as they once were. Nevertheless, they should cultivate every source of happiness which remains. The love of children and grandchildren, the greater dignity and larger leisure of life, and the quiet hours they can have for communion with God, should be appreciated highly. They should get into the habit of

saying good-morning, every day, to this world, where they have had so many eager, busy, happy and holy days.

Some of the planets finish their rotations in much less time than others. The nearer they are to the sun the more speedily they revolve. Mercury, for instance, is not quite eighty-eight days in accomplishing his year, while Saturn takes up considerably more than twenty-nine of our years in circuiting the same common centre. Thus, some of God's converted people are soon matured for glory by their nearness to and intimate communion with the Sun of Righteousness. These are frequently known to outrun their brethren, and (like John at the tomb of our Lord) to reach the sepulchre, finish their course, and ascend to their Master's joy at a very early period; while other saints, who do not ripen so fast, or who have a larger field of usefulness to occupy while on earth, are detained from their crown until they are full of years and good works. Each of these is gathered as a shock of corn in its season. O believer, if thy God summon thee away betimes, His Spirit will perfect that which concerneth thee; nor will Providence apply the sickle until grace has made thee white for the harvest. Or, if He lengthens thy thread, having much for thee to do, and much to suffer, He will show himself the God of thy old age, and not forsake thee when thou art gray-headed; for He hath invariably declared, "Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you."

"Made in the image of God." We cannot tell

what it means. It is one of those vast thoughts of God we catch the trailing fringes of. It is one of those luminous heights of God's thought up which we gaze, and they are summitless to us. But we are to think up towards them, and every day stretch in their direction.

The Good Old Days.

Old tunes are sweetest and old friends surest.

A writer, comparing ancient with modern wealth, thus describes it:

"Ptolemy Philadelphus, of Egypt, amassed a little property, three hundred and fifty million dollars. Cleopatra gave her lover a pearl dissolved in vinegar, worth four hundred thousand dollars. Paulina, one of the *ton* in Rome, wore jewels, when she returned her visits, worth eight hundred thousand dollars. Cicero, who was a poor man, gave one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his house, and Claudius paid six hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his establishment on the Palatine, while Massala gave two million dollars for the house on Antium. Seneca, who was just a plain philosopher, was worth one hundred and twenty million dollars. Tiberius left a property of nearly one hundred and twenty million dollars.

"And these fellows lived well. Esopus, who was a play actor, paid four hundred thousand dollars for a single dish. Caligula spent four hundred thousand dollars on a supper. The beds of Heliogabalus were

of solid silver, his table and plates were of pure gold, and his mattresses, covered with carpets of cloth-of-gold, were stuffed with down from under the wing of the partridge."

An aged clergyman writes: "The pulpit is not what it was when I was a boy. Sermons were then preached which I would give half the little I possess to hear again. Oh, it is sad to witness the degeneracy of these latter days!" Much more follows in the same strain; but all this is not criticism. Mere complaining and scolding, railing at the age, do no good. Such writers would spend their time to much more profit, were they to analyze some representative sermons of the past and others of to-day, and show wherein this superiority consists. There is a filmy exaggeration in years which plays tricks with our judgment. We do not doubt but that close analysis will prove that never in the history of the church has the average of pulpit oratory been higher than it is to-day. The world is ever apt to complain of the present, and look backward for its golden age. A Grecian once overheard the remark, "This age is degenerate." "Yes," said he, "that must be true, for my grandfather told me that when he was a boy he often heard his grandfather say the same thing."

We belong to that hopeful class who believe that there is more religion in the world now than at any previous period. Undoubtedly there are more churches and more professors of religion. There are more Bibles printed, circulated, and, as we firmly believe, read, loved, and obeyed than at any other time in the history

of the world. Only think! the precious word of God is now printed and circulated in nearly *three hundred* of the babbling tongues of our human race. And this gift of life is being carried to all nations. One reason that some persons imagine the world to be getting worse is found in the fact that our modern appliances for collecting intelligence gathers up and publishes everything—good and bad—that is going on in the world.

The telegraph and the daily paper tell us everything. The world's wickedness as well as its goodness, is laid bare to public inspection. But the fact that we see and hear more of the wickedness that is done is, in itself, no proof that more is committed.

Standing proudly among the ages of the past, this century shall say to her sister centuries: "I bring as a result of my life work among the nations, that grandest of all the products of time—*a perfect Christian gentleman.*"

The charm of old books and old songs is indescribable. They breathe the spirit of a bygone day that none but the one who has lived amid those scenes, can fully comprehend. Who has not experienced the pleasure of listening to an aged tongue, alive with an eloquence and enthusiasm belonging to a past age, as it told of the "good old days"; when we may tarry beside an aged couple and listen to the stories poured forth with artless oratory, as they forget the present in the past and again live over the inspiring scenes of youth—oh, then indeed we have a feast that we are senseless if we do not enjoy!

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

of the world. Only think! the precious word of God is now printed and circulated in nearly *three hundred* of the babbling tongues of our human race. And this gift of life is being carried to all nations. One reason that some persons imagine the world to be getting worse is found in the fact that our modern appliances for collecting intelligence gathers up and publishes everything—good and bad—that is going on in the world.

The telegraph and the daily paper tell us everything. The world's wickedness as well as its goodness, is laid bare to public inspection. But the fact that we see and hear more of the wickedness that is done is, in itself, no proof that more is committed.

Standing proudly among the ages of the past, this century shall say to her sister centuries: "I bring as a result of my life work among the nations, that grandest of all the products of time—*a perfect Christian gentleman*."

The charm of old books and old songs is indescribable. They breathe the spirit of a bygone day that none but the one who has lived amid those scenes, can fully comprehend. Who has not experienced the pleasure of listening to an aged tongue, alive with an eloquence and enthusiasm belonging to a past age, as it told of the "good old days"; when we may tarry beside an aged couple and listen to the stories poured forth with artless oratory, as they forget the present in the past and again live over the inspiring scenes of youth—oh, then indeed we have a feast that we are senseless if we do not enjoy!

Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

FOR WELL-SPRINGS OF TRUTH

A well known modern writer says: "Then the summer mornings were full of singing-birds, always waiting outside our windows to help us begin the day with happiness. Then flowers were born as if to accompany the birds in their benevolent mission. Then all our dreams were pleasant imaginings, Arabian Nights' Entertainments, frolic visions of untroubled joy. Then June was the longest and loveliest month in the calendar. Then we were never depressed by bad weather. Then headache had no lodgment nearer than our neighbor's brain. Then personal rheumatism was unknown to us. Then insomnia had not been invented, and we were not obliged to draw upon the apothecary for vials of sleep. Then we could walk twenty miles a day without fatigue. Then all was gold that glistened. *Then we were young!*"

RESPECT THE AGED.

"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord."

THIS is a duty imposed alike by the laws of God and nature. Nothing is more sacred or binding, save only the worship of God alone. In Egypt, to this day, if an aged person enter an apartment, the youth always rise from their seats.

No more beautiful or touching scene can be witnessed than that of the quiet, unobtrusive veneration of the young person for one that is aged. Angels and all

good men look on with approval when such an one puts away self and self-interest in order to render service to one whom God has spared to tread the farther borders of life. Acts of kindness and self-denial shown to the old, even though they are querulous and exacting, may be amongst the most satisfactory of a life-time, and bring the reward of an approving conscience at least.

Of all forms of self-devotion, the one which, even when it amounts to absolute self-sacrifice, we can not but regard with very tender and lenient eyes, is the devotion of the young to the old, of children to parents. No doubt there is a boundary beyond which even this ought not to be permitted; but the remedy lies on the elder side. There are such things as unworthy, selfish, exacting parents, to whom duty must be done, simply for the sake of parenthood, without regarding their personality. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is the absolute command, bounded by no proviso as to whether the parents are good or bad. Of course no one can literally "honor" that which is bad—still one can respect the abstract bond in having patience with the individual.

Age naturally awakens our respect. A Greek historian tells how, in the pure and early and most virtuous days of the republic, if an old man entered the crowded assembly, all ranks rose to give room and place to him. Age throws such a character of dignity even over inanimate objects, that the spectator regards them with a sort of awe and veneration. We have stood before the hoary and ivy-mantled ruin of a by-

gone age with deeper feelings of respect than ever touched us in the marbled halls and amid the gilded grandeur of modern palaces; nor did the proudest tree which lifted its umbrageous head and towering form to the skies ever affect us with such strange emotion as an old, withered, wasted trunk that, though hollowed by time into a gnarled shell, still showed some green signs of life.

It was anciently a proverb among the heathen, "It is good to be an old man or woman only in Sparta." The ground of it was the strict laws among the Spartans to punish the rebellion and disobedience of children to their aged parents. And shall it not be good to be an old father and mother in this land, where the Gospel of Christ is preached?

The Boston "Traveller," in commenting on the prevalence of rudeness, tells the following incident that happened some years ago: There was a very plainly dressed elderly lady who was a frequent customer at the then leading dry goods store in Boston. No one in the store knew her even by name. All the clerks but one avoided her, and gave their attention to those who were better dressed and more pretentious. The exception was a young man who had a conscientious regard for duty and system. He never left another customer to wait on the lady, but when at liberty he waited on her with as much attention as if she had been a princess. This continued a year or two, until the young man became of age. One morning the lady approached the young man, and the following conversation took place: "Well, young man, do you

wish to go into business for yourself?" "Yes, ma'am," he replied; "but I have neither money, credit nor friends, nor will any one trust me." "Well," continued the lady, "you go and select a good situation, ask what the rent is, and report to me," handing the young man her address. The young man went, found a capital location, a good store, but the landlord required security, which he could not give. Mindful of the lady's request, he forthwith went to her and reported. "Well," she replied, "you go and tell Mr. M. that I will be responsible." He went, and the landlord or agent was surprised, but the bargain was closed. The next day the lady called to ascertain the result. The young man told her, but added, "What am I to do for goods? No one will trust me." "You may go and see Mr. A, and Mr. B, and Mr. C, and tell them to call on me." He did, and his store was soon stocked with the best goods in market. There are many in this city who remember the circumstance, and the man. He died many years ago, and left a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars. So much for politeness, so much for civility, and so much for treating one's elders with the deference due to age, in whatever garb they are clothed.

A Russian princess of great beauty, in company with her father and a young French marquis, visited a celebrated Swiss doctor of the eighteenth century, Michael Scuppack, when the marquis began to pass one of his jokes upon the long white beard of one of the doctor's neighbors who was present. He offered to bet twelve louis d'ors that no lady present would dare to kiss the

dirty old fellow. The Russian princess ordered her attendant to bring a plate, and deposited twelve louis d'ors and sent it to the marquis, who was too polite to decline his stake. The fair Russian then approached the peasant, saying, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country," and embracing, gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, saying, "Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their dutv to honor old age."

WELL-EARNED REST.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!

LET men talk pleasantly of the dead, as those who no longer suffer and are tried—as those who pursue no longer the fleeting, but have grasped and secured the real. With them the fear and the longing, the hope and the terror, and the pain are past;—the fruition of life has begun.

How unkind that, when we put away their bodies, we should cease the utterance of their names. The tender-hearted who struggled so in parting from us! Why should we speak of them in awe, and remember them only with sighing? Very dear were they when hand clasped hand, and heart responded to heart. Why are they less dear when they have grown worthy

a higher love than ours? By your hearth-side, and by their grave-side, in solitude and amid the multitude, think cheerfully and speak lovingly of the dead.

> "As they who to their couch at night
> Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,"

so, to gain the best views of the heavenly rest, it is often necessary that alluring objects of this life be removed from our sight. Their obtrusive glare shuts out the objects beyond.

When Samuel Budgett, a distinguished English merchant, was dying, he said; "Riches I have had as much as my heart could desire, but I never felt any pleasure in them for their own sake, only so far as they enabled me to give pleasure unto others." This dying confession of a rich man is worthy of being noted and remembered by every young aspirant after wealth. It teaches the wholesome truth that none but the most sordid natures can find any pleasure in the mere possession of riches. No millionaire is happy merely because he owns a million of dollars. Ordinarily, that fact entails vexations, cares and duties which burden and disgust him. But when he uses money to feed the hungry, clothe the naked and instruct the ignorant, and build up the cause of Christ, it becomes a fountain of blessing to his heart.

"One's age should be tranquil," says Dr. Arnold, "as one's childhood should be playful. Hard work, at either extremity of human existence, seems to me out of place. The morning and the evening should be alike cool and peaceful; at midday the sun may burn, and men may labor under it."

When Sir Walter Scott, towards the close of his life, was congratulated by Dr. Cheney on the purity of his works of fiction, he answered, "I am drawing near to the close of my career. I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I should wish blotted out."

I cannot imagine old age to be a sad or undesirable thing. Infirmities it may have—must have; but they need not be overwhelming, if the failing body has been treated, and is still treated, with that amount of respect which is its due. And at worst, perhaps bodily sufferings are not harder to bear than the horrible mental struggles of youth, with its selfish agony of passion and pain; or than the vicarious sufferings of middle-age, when we groaned under the weight of other people's cares, mourned over sorrows that we were utterly powerless to cure, and looked forward with endless anxiety into an uncertain future, not considering how soon it would become the harmless past.

Now all that is over. The old never grieve much, at least, not overmuch. Why should they? It is strange to notice how, even after a loss by death that a few years before would have utterly crushed them, they seem to rise up and go on their way—only a few steps more—quietly, even cheerfully; troubling no one, complaining to no one, probably because it is only a few steps more. Suffering itself grows calm in the near view of rest.

Thus it is with people of restful and patient mind. For others there is still something left. "I have had all I wanted," said to me one of the most unquiet spirits I ever knew, keenly alive still, even under the deadness of seventy-odd years. "Life has been a long puzzle to me, but I am coming to the end of it now. There is one thing more—I want to find out the great secret, and I shall—before long."

One can quite well imagine some people, to whom the after-life was neither a certainty nor even a hope, looking forward to death as a matter of at least curiosity. But for us, who believe that death is the gate of life, it is quite a different feeling. Putting it on the very lowest ground, to have all our curiosity gratified, to know even as we are known, to feel nearer and nearer to our hands the key of the eternal mystery, the satisfying of the infinite desire; this alone is consolation, in degree, for our own failing powers and flagging spirits; nay, even for the slowly emptying world around us—emptying of the wise and the good, the pleasant and the dear whom one by one we see passing away.

"If I could only get rid of my body, I should be all right," sighed once a great sufferer. And there are times when even the most patient of us feel rather glad that we do not live forever. Respect our mortal tabernacle as we may, and treat it tenderly, as we ought to do, we may one day be not so very sorry to lay it down, not only with all its sins, but with its often infirmities.

Milestones of Life.

As we whirl over life's journey we constantly pass those points, coming in swifter succession, which mark the distance, not in years but in epochs and cycles, so to speak, as the turnpike between two cities is divided into miles by the stones placed at proper distances.

When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past year grow deeper and deeper as life wears to a close, it is pleasant to look back through the vistas of time upon the joys and sorrows of early years. If we have a home to shelter, or hearts to rejoice with us, and friends who have been gathering around our fireside, then the rough places of our wayfaring will be worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the bright, sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the course of their holier feeling, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of age.

How strangely our ideas of growing old change as we get on in life. To the girl in her teens the riper maiden of twenty-five seems quite aged. Thirty-two thinks thirty-five an "old thing." Thirty-five dreads forty, but congratulates herself that there may still remain some ground to be possessed in the fifteen years before the half century is attained. But fifty

does not by any means give up the battle of life. It feels middle-aged and vigorous, and thinks old age a long way in the future. Sixty remembers those who have done great things at the three-score; and one doubts if Parr, when he was married at one hundred and twenty, had at all begun to feel himself an old man. It is the desire of life within us which makes us feel young so long.

The discovery of a gray hair when you are brushing out your whiskers of a morning—the first fallen flake of the coming snows of age—is a disagreeable thing.

Bishop Foster says: "There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest things 'for the last time.' It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked for the last time on some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you know you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time; the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who, after this once, will never stand before the sea of upturned faces, disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms; the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words, 'never again.' We put away our boyish toys with an old headache. We were too old to talk of play any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry things for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do

not want the lost toys back. Life has larger and other playthings for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem in the light of some far-off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the land of promise."

Perhaps, brother, the midnight is on thy soul. Cherished plans in life may all have been thwarted. Affliction, sorrow in severest form may have come upon you. Can you not believe that God still exists? —that out of these things as well as out of prosperity shall come the highest good? Can you not with Paul and Silas pray in your midnight, and sing praises unto God?

It is probably natural that at the last, scenes which have made the strongest impressions in life should be recalled by memory. The old mountaineer, when he comes to die, with his last whisper says his "snowshoes are lost;" with the stage-driver he is "on the down-grade and cannot reach the brake;" the miner "cannot get to the air-pipe;" the sailor says "eight bells have sounded;" and the gambler plays his "last trump." A little girl died a few years ago, and, as her mother held her wrist and noted the fainting and flickering pulse, a smile came to the wan face, and the child whispered: "There is no desert here, mamma, but all the world is full of beautiful flowers." A moment later the smile became transfixed.

In an Eastern city, not long ago, a Sister of Charity was dying, and at last from a stupor she opened her eyes and said: "It is strange; every kind word I have

spoken in life, every tear that I have shed, has become a living flower around me, and they bring to my senses an incense ineffable."

It is the thought of death that is terrible, not death. Death is gentle, peaceful, painless; instead of bringing suffering it brings an end of suffering. It is misery's cure. Where death is, agony is not. The processes of death are all friendly. The near aspect of death is gracious. There is a picture somewhere of a tearful face, livid and ghastly, which the beholder gazes on with horror and would turn away from but for the hideous fascination, that not only rivets his attention, but draws him closer to it. On approaching the picture the hideousness disappears, and when directly confronted it is no longer seen; the face is that of an angel. It is a picture of death, and the object of the artist was to impress the idea that terror of death was an apprehension. Theodore Parker, whose observation of death was very large, has said that he never has seen a person of any belief, condition or experience, unwilling to die when the time came. Death is an ordinance of nature, is directed by beneficent ends. What must be is made welcome.

Harvest Home.

When the sowing and reaping are ended, then comes the "Harvest Home." That we may enjoy the harvest we must sow in the spring-time; so, if we would have a wise and peaceful old age, we must in

early life fill our hearts and minds with the truths that produce a vigorous manhood.

We think of death as ending our life; let us rather think of it as beginning it. And as it has been said, "When you think of death whispering, 'You must go from earth,' listen, also, for the voice of Christ saying, 'You are but coming to me.'"

When one, in the midst of great usefulness, after years of great and valuable experience, is called away, we exclaim, "Oh, it is too bad! He was just ready to do so much good!" But does the death of the body stop all? Nay, God only promotes his child to a greater and a happier sphere of usefulness. This experience, this sorrow, this self-denial, all these trials are needed and will be made use of in Eternity.

A Christian in this world is but gold in the ore. At death the pure gold is melted out and separated, and the dross cast away and consumed.

Let dissolution come when it will, it can do the Christian no harm, for it will be but a passage out of a prison into a palace; out of a sea of troubles into a haven of rest; out of a crowd of enemies to an innumerable company of true, loving and faithful friends; out of shame, reproach and contempt, into exceeding great and eternal glory.

A father was once absent from home for a short period, and, on the day of his return, his children thought they would prepare him little presents, one from each; so they went out and gathered flowers, and each made a beautiful nosegay. But one of the children was an idiot, and he gathered sticks and every

kind of worthless thing that he could think of, and tied them up in a little bundle for his nosegay. When their father came, the children brought him their beautiful presents; but when afterwards this poor child's bundle of worthless sticks was brought, do you think the father said, "Get out of my sight?" Did he refuse that bundle of sticks and straws? No; he folded in his arms both the poor boy and his worthless nosegay. And so, friends, what you bring to God may be in his eyes but sticks and straws, but he will accept them. He will redeem you. He will forgive you. He will clothe you with a new robe. He will welcome you to the Father's house. You do not know what God can make of you, if you will give him a chance. You cannot see what the Divine artist can make of you. It may be that he can make a noble life where there is nothing now but shame.

Thrice happy is that man whose memory of a Christian home quickens his desire for a better in "Our Father's House" in heaven! In such a case we might say, with a good old German saint when about to go hence, "Blessed are the home-sick, for they shall see home!"

Ye old men, brief is the space of life allotted to you; pass it as pleasantly as ye can, not grieving from morning till eve; since time knows not how to preserve our hopes, but, attentive to its own concerns, flies away.

There is a joy, greater than even the joy of a mother over her first-born, or the exultation of a man over the baby son to whom he hopes to bequeath his

honor, his worldly goods and his unblemished name; and that is, to have arrived at old age and seen this child, from its own day of birth to its parents death-day, living the life they would have it live, carrying out the principles they taught it, and being in every way what I have called "the child of heaven,"—God's child as well as theirs. Then all the training, bitter and sweet, which they have undergone and made their child undergo—for no parents are worth the name who have not strength sometimes to wring their own hearts, and their child's, too, for a good end—will have been softened down into permanent peace. A peace enduring even amid all the trying weaknesses of old age, all the probable sufferings of the failing body and worn-out mind; lasting even to the supreme moment, when the aged, dying head rests on the still young breast, and the child kisses the closed eyes which, through all anxiety, pain, even displeasure, never lost their look of love—never till now. And now it is all ended. No, not ended—God forbid!

In due time the last trump shall sound and *Christ shall come*, but the saints shall be with him. The infinite providence has so arranged that Christ shall not come without his people, for "them also that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him." The saints shall be with him in the advent as they are now. Our souls shall hear the shout of victory and join in it; the voice of the archangel shall be actually heard by all his redeemed, and the trump of God shall be sounded in the hearing of every one of his beloved, for we shall be with Jesus all through that glorious transaction.

Whatever the glory and splendor of that second advent, we shall be with Jesus in it.

There is, moreover, to be a reign of Christ. I cannot read the Scriptures without perceiving that there is to be a millennial reign, as I believe, upon the earth, and that there shall be new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Well, whatever that reign is to be, we shall reign also.

"So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share ye His joy in the 'Harvest Home.'"

The Grave.

Falling leaves are Nature's sermons.

Our thoughts are ever more tending to the grave and its mysteries; and like our past hours troop onward, often unbidden, to the day when we, too, shall attain to the realm of the unknown.

Some of our greatest poems, indeed, are monodies and elegiac refrains. Yet with the cheering Christian philosophy of Wordsworth, we need not hang our harps upon the willows; for

Sin-blighted though we are,
We, too, the reasoning sons of men,
From our oblivious winter called,
Shall rise to breathe again,
And in eternal summer
Lose our three-score years and ten!

The soul has finished its course in this world, has fought the fight, and kept its faith. Henceforth it

wears the crown of immortality! Man thyself, O mourner, and thou also prepare to fight the good fight. The loved one whom thou hast lost will one day advance to meet thee at the gate of eternity, to greet thee as a glorified companion, and will cry unto thee: Here, also, God is thy God!

O God! O Father! thou art also my God, my Father; why, then, should I be bowed down with grief? Why weakly yield myself up before my course is finished, before I have fought the good fight to the end? Oh, give me strength, give me power! whatever suffering thou mayst impose, I will bear it, for it will bring me nearer to Thee!

A workman by accident dropped a little, highly-valued silver cup into a strong acid bath. In a little while it had utterly disappeared. But when the master-workman came in and learned of it, he said nothing, but cast another acid into the jar, and the silver was soon precipitated—a shapeless mass, indeed, but every grain there. A few days after it came back a more beautiful cup, from the hands of the silversmith. May not God as readily restore our bodies after the decay and disorganization of the grave?

Bishop Whipple says: "As I come nearer to the grave my theology grows strangely simple, and it begins and ends with Christ."

"I account death," says Plutarch, "a truly great and accomplished good thing; the soul being to live there a real life, which here lives not a waking life, but suffers things most resembling dreams." Of all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures we enjoy, we

can carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.

The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who to-day are filling a large place in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of men in a few months, or at the farthest, in a few years after the grave has closed upon their remains.

We are shedding tears above a new-made grave, and wildly crying out in our grief that our loss is irreparable, yet, in a short time, the tendrils of love entwine around other supports, and we no longer miss the one who has gone.

A few more days, a few more months, or at most a few more years, and it will be whispered around that last night you died. It will be told how long you lingered, or how suddenly you went. Small groups of friends will go and gaze at you. They will remark how cold you are, and how natural you look. Some will inspect your shroud and discuss your coffin, while even your enemies will forgive you and hope you have gone to a better world. Are you ready for this? In that final contest with death there may be neither time nor opportunity for the preparation that we are given a life-time to make. The wiser course, the safer course, is to get ready while blessed with health and strength, both of body and mind.

Some one will see to your shroud; some one will go for your coffin, and some one will doubtless put crape on the door whether you give any directions or not. It may not matter much if these things are not

done exactly as you wish. No one will see to your soul. No one will look after your eternal interests. There is no repentance beyond the grave. In this short probationary existence you had just one thing to do, and that was to prepare for the life to come. If you are not ready, think of yourself lying cold in death.

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom, spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is, that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded, in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is, that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities! the last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling,—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! the last fond look of the glazing eye turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unre-

garded, of that departed being, who can never—never —never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart, which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure, that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure, that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning, by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

"So live, that when thy summons comes, to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams!"